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The Week

PEACE conference reporting has produced no more apt description of the deplorable helplessness which obtains at Paris than the following sentences, taken from Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope's cable dispatch of March 24 to the *World*:

> With Hungary irretrievably lost and Rumania almost certain to go, with the Ukraine and other Russian borderlands awakening, and thinly-concealed symptoms of Bolshevism appearing in countries so much nearer Paris, the conference began to plan to discuss methods of preparing a programme whereby the subject could be referred to a subcommittee to suggest steps leading to the consideration of action at some unnamed time.
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> Lest it be thought that the foregoing is merely the opinion of the writer, it should be said that it represents precisely the views of men of all nationalities high in the peace sittings, each of whom, while caustic and disgusted with the trend of events, is quite sure the fault does not lie with him or his country.

What makes the matter worse is the fact that everybody knows precisely what the trouble is. In the face of a distressed and suffering world which is done with the old diplomacy of elder statesmen, inner circles, and secret conferences, and which wants only a people's peace, the Paris conferrees, flanked about with their thousands of attachés and their tons of documents, have frittered away three precious months in debates about alliances, and schemes, and adjustments, and contrivances, and in elaborating a plan for a league of nations falsely so-called; meantime leaving the representatives of self-determination and popular rights to cool their heels in the antechambers of the Quai d'Orsay, and the masses to organize revolutions on every hand. There is only one consolation. If, following the efforts of the people of Germany, Russia, and Hungary to protect themselves from plunder and intrigue, the armies of the Allies and the United States are once more set in motion, we shall not need an elaborate propaganda literature to tell us who is responsible.

THE irrelevance of the proceedings at Paris is indicated by the speed with which all real issues are sidetracked or ditched. With true Oriental simplicity, the Japanese delegates brought up the question of racial equality, which to the untutored mind would seem a matter of moment if what we desire is peace. Of course the conference could do nothing about equal treatment for the yellow man; human decency is not within its purview. Leave the whole question to the league of nations, which in some mysterious manner is to resolve every difficulty without ever thinking of the principles on which peace must be based. Ambassador Ishii has recently allowed himself some observations on the theme of race equality. We reply with loud shrieks about a Japanese syndicate buying 800,000 acres of land in Lower California, and Senator Phelan cables to Paris a deliberate plea for discrimination. The Japanese Government has sins enough to answer for in its dealings with Korea and China and Siberia, just as our own has in its relations with Porto Rico and Santo Domingo and Central America—but why on that account must we disgrace ourselves by dealing with the Japanese people as though we were boors? No good is to be hoped for from the Paris conference; but why should we not remove Japan's justified grievance against us by taking out of our naturalization law the illogical and indefensible discrimination against all but Caucasians and Negroes? Such a provision would knock the underpinning from beneath the discriminatory land laws of various western States and would injure no interest here. Common decency and our own interest alike demand such action.

FOR the quick, if not altogether unexpected, setting up of a Soviet Republic in Hungary the apostles of the Bolshevist gospel are indebted to those eminent propagandists of a safe and sane Europe, M. Pichon, Dr. Kramarz, the Czecho-Slovak Premier, and General Franchet d'Esperey, the Allied commander-in-chief in the Balkans. "You have no coal to run your factories with? Why, use windmills, then." Such was the playful advice of General d'Esperey to Karolyi in November last. It is impossible not to see the connection between this charming bit of *esprit* and the setting up of a proletarian dictatorship at Budapest. Ever since its coming into power through the bloodless revolution of October 30, the highly respectable, pro-Entente Karolyi Government has been sending out one continuous S. O. S. signal addressed to the Allies. The cry was answered by throwing Hungary open to the armies of Czecho-Slovakia, Serbia, and Rumania. Occupation by Czech, Serbian, and Rumanian troops of over three-fifths of the territory of Hungary resulted in shutting off supplies of foodstuffs and such fuel and raw materials as were still received at Budapest; in swelling, within two months, the population of the capital from one to two millions through the influx of refugees; and in preventing the holding of elections for the Constituent Assembly and the carrying out of the sorely needed land reform. Karolyi struggled as long as there was breath in him—now that he has thrown up a task worse than hopeless the Entente will have a chance to learn what a friend they had in him. A Red Hungary joining forces with the Bolshevist imperialism of Lenine may render illusory any settlements arrived at in Paris. By and by, M. Pichon's academic question, "Have the victors no rights over the vanquished?" will be answered by the events themselves.

IN an editorial entitled "Is it True?" published in its issue of November 16 last, the *Nation* asked the following questions:

> Is it true that the Administration knew, at the time of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, that the Soviet Government, represented by Lenine and Trotzky, was opposed to the projected treaty, and looked forward to signing it only because of the physical impossibility of resisting the German demands unless the Allies, or some of them, came to its aid?
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> Is it true that Lenine and Trotzky, a week or more previous to the signing of the treaty, handed to Raymond Robins, at that time a representative in Russia of the American Red Cross, a communication to President Wilson declaring their opposition to the treaty, and stating that they would refuse to sign it if

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the United States would assure them of its moral support in breaking off the negotiations and would send to Russia food and arms?

Is it true that at least two copies of the communication were at once cabled to Washington, one of them to the Department of State, through diplomatic officials of the United States in Russia?

On Saturday, March 22, Mr. Robins spoke for three hours at a luncheon of the League of Free Nations Association in this city. We quote the following from a report of his remarks published in the *New York Times* of the following day:

After the preliminary Brest-Litovsk treaty was drawn up, Mr. Robins said, he obtained from Lenine a promise that if the Allies offered to help Russia economically and in a military way the Russians would oppose ratification. Mr. Robins said he took this promise, which was in writing, to Allied representatives who approved of the proposition. Bruce Lockhart, the British representative, thought it was the only real chance to keep Russia in line, and cabled to the British Foreign Office to this effect.

Harold Williams, an able journalist, who opposed the Bolsheviki, continued Mr. Robins, thought enough of it to write a cable on British Embassy stationery, and I have the original. The head of the National City Bank in Petrograd endorsed the situation. The head of the Associated Press, an intelligent and conservative man, endorsed it and sent two cables in support of the position. Ambassador Francis sent two cables to the State Department endorsing it. In the meantime we waited for the reply.

No reply, Mr. Robins went on to say, was received from either the American or the British Government. We wonder what response will now be made by the State Department, or the Associated Press, or the National City Bank, to Mr. Robins's allegations. The columns of the *Nation* are open to them if they wish to reply.

CERTAIN items of news from the scene of military intervention in Russia deserve careful consideration. Two French regiments in the Odessa region mutinied last week when ordered to attack the Soviet forces. The French troops were reported to have sent a delegation to their officers, declaring that they were "ready to fight for France, but not to fight our brothers." On being told that this was mutiny and that the penalty was death, the soldiers were reported to have answered that they recognized this, but that their decision could not be altered. It is not clear how the difficulty was obviated, but so far as is known no executions took place. In the Murmansk region serious disaffection among the Serbian and Italian troops is reported, along with a succession of anti-Entente outbreaks which occur almost nightly in Archangel. The War Department records show that, without allowing for the casualties of the last three weeks, there are 22,391 men now operating in northern Russia against the Soviet Government. The division by nationalities runs as follows: British, 11,814; American, 4,971; French, 2,706; Serbian, 1,500; Italian, 1,400. Of these troops, 9,600 are operating from Murmansk and 12,791 from Archangel. The Serbian and Italian forces are troops that were fighting in France when the armistice was signed, and were sent to Russia by the French Government to fill its quota after the mutiny at Brest had demonstrated that it would be unsafe to send more Frenchmen. It would be illuminating if we could have a comprehensive account of these various affairs.

KARL MARX predicted that Great Britain might be the one nation to achieve a peaceful social revolution. It will not be the fault of the triple alliance if this prophecy proves untrue. With the restraint born of power and sure knowledge of what they want, the miners, railway men, and transport workers press their demands upon a Government that is obliged to listen. Almost regretfully, like the traditional parent chastising his child, British labor feels itself forced to use coercive measures. It is willing to try argument and moral suasion, but always with the rod hung in plain sight. Hints at compromise arising from the feverish efforts of joint committees and conferences should deceive no one as to the ultimate aim. The workers may give the Government time to think it over, and Lloyd George time to make peace in Europe; they may even restrain themselves when the Government threatens "firm" measures of repression; they may, for the time being, accept some degree of compromise; but they are apparently perfectly clear as to what they want, and quietly determined to get it. Shorter hours, higher pay, nationalization, and a share in the management—such is the formula expressing the fact of radical social change.

MEANWHILE committees meet and investigate and report; conservative labor leaders urge moderation and caution. When Mr. G. H. Roberts recently protested at the coercive methods of labor he was heartily cheered—but he spoke at a meeting of the American Luncheon Club at the Savoy Hotel. And even while he spoke 1,000,000 men and women were out of work, a large part of them living on a government bonus just sufficient to keep them alive and dissatisfied. Prices show no signs of going down. Germany, everyone knows, will never redeem Lloyd George's promise and "pay the whole cost of the war." The times are backing revolution. The railway men, while postponing the strike pending further negotiations, have rejected the Government's compromise offer, and the conferences have so far resulted in disagreement. The miners are reported as dissatisfied with the interim report of the Coal Commission offered as a solution by the Government. The report ignored the question of nationalization, but granted the workers two-thirds of their wage demands, and a work day of seven hours, subsequently to be reduced to six. Robert Smillie summed up the situation with infinite confidence and insight by saying that "if a strike ensued and the Government beat the miners, or the miners beat the Government, the result would only show which side was the stronger." The members of the triple alliance are pledged to joint action; if war comes, they will fight together, and they will make no separate peace. If they strike, it appears likely that the organized police and the cotton workers of Lancashire will strike too. Organized labor in Britain is no "small and oppressed nationality," to be put off with the crumbs from the peace table. If Lloyd George hopes to be able to act as peace maker in England as well as at Paris, he must take immense pains to prevent his left hand from finding out what his right hand is doing.

RECENT news from Buenos Aires pictures an extraordinary situation. At the time of the general strike which was settled by conference about the middle of January, some of the Russian strikers who had been arrested were reported to have boasted that the Soviet Government which had been proclaimed would be resumed on May 1;

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but the Government appears to have believed that the arrest of the leaders had ended that possibility. Apparently, however, the Soviet has reappeared. A *New York Times* dispatch of March 18 reports the publication in the newspapers of a page advertisement, signed by thirty-four prominent business men representing seventeen commercial organizations, and addressed "To the People of the Republic," in which it is declared that "a genuine Soviet" controls the foreign commerce of Buenos Aires; that President Irigoyen had stated that "no drastic measures against violence" would be taken; and that workmen were not protected by the Government in their right to work. A decree of March 15 had already nationalized, under direction of the Custom House, the service of loading and unloading vessels. A printers' strike is in progress in several cities, and Argentine newspaper men are reported to have formed a union and to have applied for membership in the Graphic Arts Federation, which is directing the strike. Developments of this sort are the more surprising because of the prosperity in many directions which Argentina has enjoyed during the war. A correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, writing under date of December 15, enlarged upon the three successive bountiful harvests, the great increase in the number of cattle and sheep, and the immense volume of exports. The continuance of industrial disorder and the establishment of a revolutionary and novel form of Government at a time when food is abundant and production and foreign trade are large, would indicate that the Buenos Aires situation is a result, not of acute economic distress, but of a desire for direct popular control.

THE records of unemployment in America are mounting steadily. We are passing today through the initial stages of a process of readjustment which by the middle of the summer inevitably will develop into a serious situation. Troops are returning from abroad in ever-increasing numbers; and, in the meanwhile, wounded soldiers with all the medals afforded by the field of battle are begging on the streets of New York. Factories everywhere are laying off hands instead of taking on new men. In the face of country-wide unemployment, the workers who have jobs are in the striking mood. A great strike is brewing in the steel mills. Strikes and unemployment will march forward hand in hand. The disorganization of our industrial situation is gradually coming to a head. What is being done about it? The Federal Employment Service has been practically abandoned as a result of the political squabble between the Administration and the Congress. The Council of National Defence has announced the formation of an Emergency Committee on Employment for Soldiers and Sailors, with Colonel Arthur Woods as chairman; but such an effort can be only a palliative. Even were Congress able or disposed to act, there is little that could be accomplished under existing conditions. Public works would offer merely another palliative of larger sweep and longer duration, and might easily lead us to the *cul-de-sac* of a vicious paternalism. The trouble lies at the roots of our whole industrial system, which is only a part of the world system; and its solution must march abreast of the drastic solution that seems at hand in the old countries of Europe. We might conceivably make the gesture of again drawing about us the robes of political isolation; but it is certain that there is no possible economic isolation for America. We need immediately to call a great industrial conference, where laborers and capitalists may sit down and revise the existing economic order. President Wilson could do nothing more valuable or statesmanlike than to quit the diplomatic arena and come home to face this fundamental economic task.

A SINGLE day brings the double announcement that Princeton will no longer require Greek for entrance and will require Latin only of candidates for the Bachelor of Arts degree, and that Yale will not demand Latin either for admission to the college or for graduation from it. That these two ultra-conservative seats of "liberal" culture should thus let down the bars will be a grievous blow to many of the adherents of classical education in this country. Yet we doubt whether the true friends of the classics have real cause for grief in such action. The study of Greek and Latin in the United States has suffered from its privileged position in secondary and college curricula; classical teachers have been able to rely on tradition and compulsion rather than on the inherent excellence of their work to hold students. The keen competition to which the classics are being subjected will result, we believe, in a study of educational values and an improvement in methods of classical teaching that will in the end redound to the advantage of truly liberal study. No informed person will question the extraordinary value for educational purposes of the study of Greek life and its literary expression. Once the classicists are content to rest their case on the excellence of what they have to offer, they may be well assured of a permanent place in our educational scheme.

BY the death of Kenyon Cox America loses one of her most constructive art critics. A fellow painter and mural decorator called him our "great art mentor," and it is in this light that the majority of his students and those whose privilege it was to hear him lecture will remember him. His own productions strongly bespoke his training under Gérôme and Carolus Duran. Amid the changes that have swept over American painting since 1876, and the influx of new schools of a night's growth, his was the organ tone that constantly reminded us not to forget the sound traditions and the wealth of good handed down to us by our predecessors. The most lyric and perhaps the happiest of his mural decorations are those painted for the Iowa State Capitol, in which he has given full play to his brush, with a resultant exultation of freedom and joy which some of his earlier canvases lack. His devotion to the nude did much to overcome the prejudice which existed both in the East and in the Middle West upon his return from Paris. To the last his advice to his fellow painters and students was to work for the pleasure of the thing they loved best to do, to paint, to sing, or carve; to work for the work's sake, though the body starve. A contributor to the *Nation* ever since the days of Mr. Garrison, he helped spread sound ideas of art armong wide circles of thoughtful Americans.

AN error unfortunately occurred in the article entitled "North Dakota's Experiment," published in the *Nation* of March 22, which we hasten to correct. The figure of $27,000,000, given as the total amount of farm mortgages in North Dakota, represents the amount of annual interest on farm mortgages in that State, and not the amount of the principal. The total of such mortgages is approximately $309,000,000. The annual interest charge of $27,000,000 is thus at the rate of about 8.7 per cent.

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A New Political Alignment

IN a remarkable announcement published last week, a new organization named the Committee of Forty-Eight issued a call for a conference of those radical forces in America which by nature of occupation stand outside the ranks of the labor and farmer movements of the country. This proposal constitutes simply the first step in a direct and conscious effort to bring together the hand and brain workers of America on a common programme and in some common form of organization looking toward political action. It aims to correct one of the most glaring and calamitous deficiencies in American life during the war period, namely, the lack of organization of our radical intellectual forces, and hence the lack of vigor, purpose, and consistency in our radical opinion. President Wilson, with his befuddling liberalism, has made it literally impossible for American radicals to know where they stand; each time a programme of real opposition raised its head, each time a sound body of radical opinion seemed about to be effected, he advanced a fresh variant on the pious theme of his now-proverbial idealism; and the revival of hopes has resulted only in the confusion of issues. The group comprising the Committee of Forty-Eight apparently realizes that the first task for American radicals is to get themselves organized.

But over and above these initial considerations, the proposal is highly significant as an indication of present political tendencies in America. It amounts, briefly, to recognition of the fact that we are faced by a fundamental political realignment based on economic issues; that America, after her own fashion, must attack the same tremendous problems which confront the world abroad; that there is no possible escape from these problems; and that if we cannot solve them through our political machinery, our political machinery will be scrapped in revolution. "And after the war came reconstruction—as after death, the judgment." What was true of the Civil War is doubly true of the present situation. The economic exigencies of today have no safe margin to fall back on, as they had in 1865. There is no more slack left in the world's economic running gear; every rope is taut and singing under the gale that has come upon us out of the east; and if the strands begin to carry away, we shall soon be dismasted and drifting helplessly before the storm.

The framers of our Federal Constitution could not foresee the development of modern industrialized society. They could not foresee the shifting of the actual seat of government from executive chambers and legislative halls to banks, stock exchanges, schools, and newspaper offices. They could not foresee banker control of credits and industry, and hence of education and the news, and hence of public opinion, and hence of the political machinery of government itself. They provided against political autocracy; but they could not foresee the gradual decay of the old forms of political power and the gradual rise of a new economic power; hence they could not provide against industrial autocracy. The decay of the old forms of political power is written in a tacit but binding surrender. The real rule of the modern world—the power which makes or breaks a nation, which directs the creative energies of a culture, which determines the development and destiny of a people—is vested in forms economic rather than political. These constitute the invisible government which lies behind the visible government of the old political forms; they rule the world for profit, without a social sense; they rule the world for the benefit of a special class of investors and stockholders, rather than in the interests of the whole community. The old political forms remain fundamentally unchanged. From time to time they have suffered modification, under the pressure of drastic events; but never have they failed to resist the trend of society, never have they disclosed a spirit of coöperation with human endeavor, never have they kept pace with the swift development of the new business system.

Over against these new economic forms, exercising the real governmental functions of modern society, has grown in the industrial field a system of organized check and protest, the invisible opposition, as it were. This is the political significance of the organization of workers everywhere during the rapid rise of industrialism; they recognized the necessity of an economic opposition, the inadequacy of the old political forms to furnish a proper check upon the new governmental functions; and the action was a healthy sign of man's political sagacity. For the past fifty years these lines have been deepening. If the old political forms could have been flexible enough to encompass the new economic order, to ride the tidal wave of industrialism, all would have been well; the channels of political activities would have run smoothly, the workers would have been satisfied with adequate voice and representation in the new industrial functions of government, the community instead of a special class would have been profited, and the great economic war would not have descended upon our civilization. But those in control were too selfish or too blind to render the political machinery flexible, to make the invisible government the visible and responsible government, or to conduct the economic system with any degree of social sense; and thus they forced the workers to organize, and brought about a fatal division between our political activities and the life processes of our society.

Then came the great war in Europe, as a direct result of this fatal division—as a direct result of the inability of a decadent system to control the predatory economic forces that actually ruled the world. And then, caught in the toils of its own blindness and irresponsibility, civilization was driven forward to the point of economic exhaustion—was driven far beyond that point, in fact, under the emphasis of war emotionalism—while the Governments that had brought on the holocaust were equally incapable of stopping it. The Russian revolution raised a flaming sign, but it was not heeded. The war went on; and the economic structure of society has been ruined past any redemption in terms of the old order. The bills are too staggering to be paid. The whole world is trembling on the brink of revolution. America is not immune.

And what is happening in different degree everywhere is what should have happened slowly during the past fifty years through the fundamental modification of the old political forms. The invisible government is being made the visible government. The Russian revolution led the way with a complete scrapping of the old political arrangements and the elevation of the economic control to the position of direct and responsible government. But Russia had a unique set of economic and social fundamentals; the revolution is not likely to take the same outright course elsewhere. It will be none the less an economic revolution. In England, guild socialism and the shop stewards' movement show the trend. If the old political forms resist too blindly,

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labor becomes impatient and thinks of direct action; it knows now the lesson that the war brought home—that the old political forms maintain their tenancy only on sufferance, and that the real political power rests in the hands of those forces which control the life processes of the land. If Parliament were to attempt to stand against the triple labor alliance in England, Parliament would fall. Unless Parliament can find a way to open its doors to the forces represented in the great industrial conference recently called by Lloyd George, those forces very soon will take over the functions of Parliament. The situation everywhere is too pressing to admit of delay or evasion. Unless the real economic rule can be merged with the old political forms, it will set up a new politics of its own.

What happens to the world will happen to us in America; the old order cannot be maintained in the Western Hemisphere if it falls in the Eastern Hemisphere. And when we look candidly at American political life, we see that the two old parties are inadequate to the task of reconstruction. There is no inherent difference between the Democratic party and the Republican party. Both are bankrupt of constructive ideas. Elections have not for a long time been fought between them on fundamental economic issues, but rather on personalities and inconsequential details. And what is true of the two old parties is true of the political thought of the country at large. America has drifted forward into a new economic era, with the basic issues that concern its daily life undiscussed, undefined, and undetermined. But now there is no escaping these issues. Labor will not permit it. Deep and searching questions must be answered. Wrongs must be righted. Open sores must be dressed and healed. There must be clear thinking, candid expression, wise judgment, and brave action. America's true genius for politics must find vent in a movement dedicated to sound and constructive radicalism.

So the new political alignment, based on fundamental economic issues, is bound to appear. The Bourbon Democrats and reactionary Republicans will join forces for the protection of their vested interests and economic privileges. The working classes will meet on a radical programme of economic reform. The independent fringe in the two old parties will be absorbed by one or the other of these vital new movements. For almost the first time in the history of America, there will be a political division between conservatives and radicals. For almost the first time in the history of America, elections will be fought on fundamental issues. It will be a healthy thing for the political, social, and economic life of the country.

This political realignment is already in process of formation. Led by the Chicago Federation of Labor, independent labor-party movements are springing up throughout the country. They are laying down radical economic programmes, advocating shop committees and a minimum wage, and looking toward a concrete industrial democracy. The organized farmers of the country are awake to the same set of issues; they have recently adopted a far-reaching programme of economic reform. The Nonpartisan League is steadily gaining power. The Catholic bishops have issued a radical reconstruction programme, almost wholly economic in its nature, advocating shop committees and a minimum wage, and calling for the gradual participation of labor in the management and ownership of industry. And now come the radical intellectuals with their call for a conference. These are signs of the times.

The Merit System in Danger

THE Civil Service Reform Association has once more performed a public service by calling attention to the objectionable features of the Martin-Baumes bills, now pending in the New York Assembly. The bills, which are practically identical in form, propose to amend the State Constitution so that honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, or marines who served as such, in "time of war," either in the Civil War or in the War with Spain and the subsequent Philippine insurrection, shall be given preference, in that order, in appointments and promotions in the civil service. The Association points out that while, under the proposed amendment, the preference indicated would be extended to veterans of the present war, it would be only after the two groups specifically mentioned had been exhausted. In other words, the resolution, while in form a discrimination in favor of all honorably discharged citizens of the State who have served in time of war, is in effect a discrimination against men whose service has been confined to the present war; for the reason that while, if open competition obtained, the latter would have an equal chance with all others, the amendment would exclude them from either appointment or promotion until the supply of available applicants of the two preferred classes had been drained.

There is more to the matter than this, however. By grouping together in one classification all men who have served in the army, the navy, or the marines in "time of war," certain important distinctions are ignored. We do not share what we take to be, by implication, the opinion of the Association, that some distinction might properly be made between men who volunteered and those who were drafted; but there is certainly a difference, as the Association points out, in the claims to preference between men who actually saw service in France or elsewhere, and those who, for example, belonged to the Students' Army Training Corps and received Government pay while they remained in college. Under the proposed amendment, a man who entered the national service and spent his time at a training camp would have a preference in the civil service; while one who was rejected by an examining board, or who, having offered his services to the country, was assigned to civilian work, would not. The real test of military or naval service, in other words, so far as the amendment is concerned, would appear to be the wearing of a uniform. It is not surprising that organized labor should be reported by the Association to be, in general, opposed to the bills.

The Association further points out that the proposed amendment would exclude women from the New York civil service. Such important positions, for example, as those of probation officer, child hygiene examiner, and parole officer, in which both men and women appointees are generally regarded as desirable and necessary, would hereafter be open first to military or naval veterans so long as any such persons were to be found who could meet the required tests. Police and fire departments, most of whose members rendered a distinctly patriotic service of great value by remaining at their posts, would hereafter be subject to an easy infiltration of "veterans," in addition to finding the chances of promotion materially lessened. Men who were too young to enlist during the present war, but who may now or in the immediate future desire to enter the civil service of the State, would also find the way barred by the new system of

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veteran preference, as would "men who worked in important and often hazardous war industries, and who were told that their services were more valuable to the Government in such industries than in the army."

The Martin-Baumes resolutions, the former of which has advanced to third reading in the Assembly, are measures of exactly the kind which ought not to be enacted by any State Legislature or by Congress, especially at this time. One of the crying needs of government to-day, in the States as well as in the nation, is an intelligent, well-trained, and efficient civil service; and it bodes ill for the future that, just at a moment when the tasks of government and administration are becoming more vital and complicated than ever, politicians should still be willing to open the door to incompetency or unfair preferment. The only way to secure a high quality of civil service is by the establishment and jealous maintenance of an intelligent merit system, open to all, whether for appointment or promotion, upon equal terms, and with partisan or class discriminations rigorously excluded. We are not at all clear that military or naval service, even where it has involved physical disability, is a proper ground of civil service preference of any sort; but even if it is—and the precedents in favor of it are not likely, we suppose, to be wholly departed from—such preference would best be granted, as the Civil Service Reform Association points out, by the allowance of credit for the experience of one kind or another gained in the army or navy, based upon the length and character of service in each case, rather than by the indiscriminate lumping together of all men who have worn a uniform in "time of war."

Direct Action in Diplomacy

SOME day a candid analysis will be written of the news sense of our journalism during the war; and in that analysis it will appear that our press has not been aware of what is really going forward in the world. It has not been aware, for instance, of the importance of the economic trend of affairs. With our newspapers stressing misinformation and swallowing propaganda, events of great significance have passed almost unnoticed. Such an event was the appointment the other day of a representative in the United States of the Soviet Republic of Russia. It will be written in history, if not in the daily press, that in spite of the official opposition of the world the Soviet Government was able to maintain itself for eighteen months and finally to break through the shell of a hostile diplomatic formula. The amazing thing about the incident is that America, the one country among the belligerents in the late war whose social and economic situation has been little affected in the direction pointed out by the Russian Revolution, and hence the country which should furnish the most unfavorable environment for a Soviet emissary, has been selected for the enterprise. Scarcely less amazing is the fact that the incident has raised no protest; even our jingo press preserves an unwonted attitude of watchful waiting. What does it all mean? Where are the rampant defenders of law and order against the dragon of Bolshevism? Do they realize that the Soviet Government actually has appointed a representative in America, that the name of Tchitcherin was affixed to his credentials, that now we have an official serpent in our midst? The news columns of the press have not abated the fervor of their anti-Bolshevist propaganda; but concerning this really startling and politically important event no word has hitherto been raised.

The whole incident makes clear a fantastic situation. In spite of the oceans of propaganda which have swept over us, American opinion is not convinced of the evil of the Soviet régime. On the contrary, the truth quite unaccountably has drifted through. America's shrill anti-Bolshevist madness is quite fictitious; it is an advertising campaign in emotionalism, stimulated by forces which American opinion has learned to distrust in domestic matters. It cannot stand for a moment against basic facts. In a word, America is too healthy to swallow lies; and in addition, there remains in the background a traditional friendship between the United States and Russia which is one of the most real factors in our international relations. Our jingo newspapers have not attacked the new Soviet representative because they have sensed a situation which they cannot fathom, because they do not know where such a course would lead. It might become unpopular. And the public has not forced the issue because it is merely interested and curious. America really has no quarrel with the Soviet Government; she wants, as usual, to be shown the facts.

The Soviet emissary, Mr. L. C. A. K. Martens, has opened an office at 299 Broadway, New York, and calmly announced it as his intention to organize and incorporate a Board of Trade of Soviet Russia. "My Government," says Mr. Martens in a public statement, "in the event of trade being opened with the United States, is prepared to place at once in banks in Europe and in the United States, gold to the amount of two hundred million dollars to cover the price of initial purchases. To insure a basis of credits for additional Russian purchases in the United States, my Government is ready to submit propositions which I believe will be acceptable to Americans interested in Russian trade." American business men already are besieging the office of Mr. Martens to hear what he has to say. They have been worrying for a long time over the apparent contradictions in the Russian situation; they do not particularly care what form of government Russia chooses for herself, provided that government wants to trade and can pay its bills. They find in Mr. Martens no wild-eyed propagandist, but rather a quiet man of business, with an excellent reputation in America, and a manner of simple honesty and sincerity. He offers exactly what they want—a legitimate opportunity to reach the markets of Russia. In the meanwhile, his credentials, in due order, have been forwarded to the State Department, and the State Department is trying to make up its mind what to do with them. But that literally is of secondary importance; it is a part of the fiction of diplomacy, not of the vital fact of economic life.

Thus, step by step, the economic formula is cutting under the political formula. If the political formula insists on dealing in fictitious values, on maintaining a traditional aloofness from the life-processes of society, it will have to be more and more frankly disregarded. The State Department has pretended that the Soviet Government was not the real Government of Russia. It has attempted with all its power to foist this pretence on the American public. The result, after eighteen months, is that the Soviet Government, without consulting the State Department, appoints a representative in America to deal with economic realities; and the State Department does not find itself in a position to oppose the act. It is a lesson for publicists and sinners against the light.

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Self-Government and Decentralization

THE exaggerations of anti-Russian and anti-German propaganda, always ignorant and usually malevolent, are now bearing their fruit in due season. The world is observing with chagrin the awkward results of the indiscrimination and recklessness which a campaign of hatred must of necessity call into its service. Those who took the opinions of Germany and Russia factory-made from the British Foreign Office, or turned themselves into docile echoes of Mr. George Creel, must now be looking rather ruefully at each other and inquiring with the *Figaro*, "Qui est-ce qu' on trompe ici?" For in spite of every effort to make Russia and Germany seem a sheer welter of anarchical chaos and detestable license, the fact seems to be that the only European Governments which are measurably functioning at present are the Governments of those countries. All the others are like so many motor cars standing by a curb, their engines running busily, with more or less noise and occasional stench, but communicating never an ounce of driving-power to the wheels. In the face of an unappeasable impatience on the part of their people, their deliberations epitomize the querulous, procrastinating indecision of senility. Clearly, the day of their opportunity to function is not eternal, and their listlessness betrays the depressing apprehension that its twilight is even now closing upon them. "Mane nobiscum Domine, nam advesperascit!"

But in Russia and Germany the Governments appear by comparison to be doing exceedingly well. They are stimulating and assisting the national recuperative power and giving it intelligent direction in the administration of domestic affairs. The reason for this is that these countries have always had the benefit of very large local self-government. Autocracy, as much as ever Mr. Creel pleases—but really, in Russia and Germany the small political units have always had more independence, more control over their own development, than anywhere else in Europe; the local authority over the collective life of the locality has been more extensive than in those countries which the Allied press service has taught us to regard as democratic. France has no machinery of local self-government, and Britain has far less than it needs to secure it against an emergency; and the tendency to centralization in England has of late increased greatly. But in Russia and Germany there has always been a most serviceable machinery of local self-government, much older than the central government, and adapted by the experience of generations to local habit and custom. Hence, when the central Governments of Berlin and Petrograd were swept away, this machinery was still at hand in perfect working order, and the communities were thoroughly accustomed to it and knew how to use it. Domestic affairs therefore went on much in the usual way, without interruption; all the matters that most directly and intimately touch the life of the private citizen were administered as before.

We are getting, in short, a most impressive vindication of Jefferson's cardinal doctrine of decentralization. If the central Government of France should be swept away, there would be no such state of things at the end of four months as we now see in Germany, none such at the end of sixteen months as we see in Russia; for there is no machinery to bring it to pass, inasmuch as all local government is strictly supervised and directed from Paris. The same is true of Italy, and largely of England, too, except that England still has certain useful survivals of the old Teutonic system of local self-government prevailing there up to the Conquest. We Americans are little accustomed to the theory or the practice of local self-government, so far has centralization been carried forward in our system—largely through the instrumentality of the courts, just as Jefferson foretold of it. A German burgomaster would hold up his hands in amazement at the servile bondage of our cities under the State Legislature, and the history of Federal usurpation makes any observer wonder what we should do with ourselves if Federal authority should be abrogated without warning.

Since political government exists primarily for exploitation, its natural tendency is to centralize. Hamilton labored incessantly to the end that "the Federal Government may then triumph over the State Governments, and reduce them to entire subordination," and thus be "able to protect the men of property from the depredations which the democratic spirit is apt to make on property." Even the Constitution, which seems to us of this day rather a strong intrenchment of the exploiting power, since it makes no distinction between property and privilege, was not strong enough to suit him. In 1792 he characterized it as "a shilly-shally thing of mere milk and water and only good as a step to something better." This tendency is inevitable, because the exploiting power, or "political means," can not be well organized or handily operated otherwise; militarism and tariff-protection, the primary agencies of the political means, sooner or later set the drift toward centralization. Germany would probably in a very few years have had her local self-government seriously impaired by centralization. The central Government fell at just the right time to strengthen and encourage the opposite tendency. On the other hand, the tendency shown by organization of the economic means is towards decentralization. Socialism, a political concept, contemplating the highest-powered organization of the political means, tends to centralization; indeed, centralization is its postulate. Syndicalism, an economic concept, proposes that the political means be abolished wholly, and postulates the extreme of decentralization. The shop-stewards' movement in England, a very significant and powerful organization of the economic means, has burst through the husk of centralized political trade unionism and is disintegrating it with astonishing rapidity.

The proposed league of nations is centralization at its last desperate stand. Bent on maintaining the integrity of the political means, the projectors of the league huddle together at Paris, as castaways huddle on the last bit of land left unsubmerged by a Bay of Fundy tide. They are beset, not by a competing centralized organization of the political means—the balance of power doctrine in Europe is dead forever—but by the world-wide, decentralized organization of the economic means. They are menaced, not by this or that alliance of political Governments associated by common predatory interest, but by Soviets, Nonpartisan Leagues, syndicalist councils, Whitley councils, guilds, social units, and the like. Out of the triumph of these will come freedom of economic opportunity and of trade; out of this will come a reversion to the old and simple apparatus of government, and a true and stable league of nations will form itself automatically, a league of which the alliance now proposed is but a grotesque and irreverent caricature.

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Germany Today

TWO CABLE LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR

I. Food or Chaos

(By Cable to the *Nation*)

Paris, March 21

I HAVE just returned to Paris after four weeks in Germany. It would be impossible to exaggerate the gravity of the German situation. While it is true that the Government by resorting to the harshest measures, has won a temporary victory over the insurgents in Berlin, Halle, Liepzig, and elsewhere, it has had to compromise by promising the permanent inclusion of workers' and peasants' councils in the new constitutional arrangements. It is announced that a much more extended and violent strike and uprising will take place on March 26. Whether the Ebert Government will be able to maintain itself then depends entirely upon the attitude of the troops and the speed with which the Allies and America rush in food. Even food is not certain to save the day for the Majority Socialists; for there is much evidence that the Allies have continued the blockade far too long, not only for Germany's good, but for their own. I believe to be correct the German estimate that in the Empire eight hundred die daily because of undernourishment and inability to resist disease; for I have made careful inquiries in Munich, Weimar, Dresden, and Berlin.

If humanitarian America could realize the actual state of affairs it would compel the Red Cross to push in food, milk, oils, grease, and soap. It is now agreed that food will be sent in, and fats too, but milk and grease as well are needed. I have seen infants in Berlin and Dresden hospitals with the shrunken limbs and swollen stomachs characteristic of famine sufferers, and I have seen that the midday meal for all patients in one hospital is simply a carrot soup —nothing else—for all ages and all conditions of disease. No special diets are possible and physicians are unable to build up their patients after fever or when the shock of operation is over. Most children now being born in Berlin are ten months infants, but the women are the greatest sufferers as they are denying themselves food for the sake of their children. No one can live on the rations allowed; all have to obtain food surreptitiously at terribly high prices. Workmen are getting high wages but have to spend all to get enough food to keep alive. One workman I saw earns a hundred marks a week, but has bought no clothes since the war began, and is literally in rags. His two children are dead and his wife is dying from consumption. Tuberculosis is increasing greatly, as is venereal disease brought in by returning soldiers. The week I was in Dresden not one pound of meat was distributed. There will be no bread there by April 15 unless relief from the Allies comes in time. Conditions in Munich are almost as bad. There will be positively nothing to ration there after May 5 unless aid comes.

What this means politically is that the moral superiority of the Allies is steadily waning and a bitter hatred, particularly against the French, which did not exist there at the time of the surrender, is rising in Germany. The result is there is now talk of revenge which was not heard before. Everything is uncertain in industry and business because of the delay of peace conditions, and the people are much stirred by the reports from Paris partitioning Germany and demanding immense war indemnities. It is the universal belief that the Government will not sign any extreme peace terms, but will invite the enemies to enter and take over the country. The ministers say that the Ebert Government could not live a week if it should sign such a treaty as is being outlined. A council of one hundred and fifty leading business and professional men, called by Government, met last Thursday in Berlin, presided over by Bernstorff. They agreed that no terms would be acceptable that should compel the annulling of the German war loans or that imposed heavy indemnities; the bankruptcy now existing in everything but name would be preferable to that. The whole country is so aching for peace and longing to begin reconstruction that it may finally accept any terms, as the ships have finally been turned over to get food.

The German delegates will entrench themselves firmly upon Wilson's fourteen points and will declare anything contrary to these to be in violation of the armistice agreement. They will particularly insist upon the first of the fourteen peace terms—open covenants of peace openly arrived at—which was abandoned by Wilson on his arrival at Paris. So deep is the feeling that all classes say that if a Brest-Litovsk peace is forced upon them (such as their militarists, they now admit, fastened upon Russia) they will open their doors wide to the Russians and if Bolshevism comes either because of the peace or the duration of the blockade since the armistice they will pull Europe down with them. The spread of Bolshevism in Germany is remarkable. At least five hundred Russian agents in Berlin are known to the Government, which is honestly and deeply concerned about the presence of the Trotzky army on the frontiers. Berlin is full of forged Russian, English, and French money, to which rich Germans contribute on the curious theory that if the Socialists can be made to fight among themselves there will be a chance for reaction and the return of the former capitalistic régime. When I was in Munich the Soviet leader there received offer of unlimited sums from Berlin capitalists if they would go to the edge of the French zone of occupation to start propaganda in France. The feeling now being aroused makes against the hope of permanent peace and Wilson's plan. Whether or not it is now too late to relieve the mistake by food supplies; whether Ebert and Scheidemann can maintain themselves by the compromise of taking some independent Socialists into the Government, the next few weeks will show. But it now looks as if Senator Lodge were right—that peace should have been made first and the league afterwards, though not for the reasons which he wishes to further.

Many times during these four weeks when I have heard the shooting of rifles and machine guns it has seemed as if the whole bottom of present society were dropping out. All who do not belong to the proletariat are profoundly concerned by such a fact as that Bavaria has forbidden all further purchases of real estate pending the taking over of all lands and houses by the State. Communism is advancing by leaps and bounds. But the absence of strong leaders everywhere (the natural result of repression and the lack of democracy of the old Prussian régime) makes it extremely

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difficult to forecast just what will happen. But there will be no trains running in six weeks if lubricants are not received. I was wholly unprepared for the present extreme situation, believing with others in Paris that many reports had been circulated for effect; but when you stand in a group of public school children and notice how many of six and seven have the size of three and four years and how wan and ill they all look you realize that the talk of undernourishment and famine is not German propaganda. Fair minded Americans who saw what I have seen would agree that the punishment is now enough and that the continuance of the blockade simply means suffering and death for the most innocent. If it was desired by continuing the blockade to make the Germans realize what they did to the Belgians, that aim is now fully achieved.

What Americans must now decide is whether they wish Bolshevism to overrun Germany by the violent methods of Lenine and Trotzky. Local Soviets are here to stay and Brunswick is already practically a Soviet republic. Those who desire still further revenge on Germany will perhaps rejoice. But one cannot say where the spread of Bolshevism will stop, and whether it will not cross the German boundary and enter France and England, whence it would inevitably reach America. Ideas cannot be excluded by laws or bayonets. The only way that Bolshevism can be beaten is by proving that its teachings are harmful and do not help humanity towards better government. It may be that this can only be ascertained by widespread convulsions of society, but it is inevitable that the experiment will be tried. The United States Senate, which, according to press dispatches, believes that our Government can best be secured in its present form by the enactment of a new espionage act, would do well to take a trip to Berlin at once. The Senators would first send a hurry call to Paris for food for the masses within forty-eight hours, and they would also learn things which might lead them to alter their views on the peace treaties and the value of prisons as checks to the spread of new ideas, be they for better or for worse. They would see plainly that if Bolshevism does not sweep over Europe it will be because of the German dam. If they were in Berlin they would have to adopt a different attitude towards our late enemy; indeed they may soon be obliged to do so any way; just as many military men believe that in a sort time there will have to be a joint war against Lenine and Trotzky.

If the Senate is terrorstricken now we may imagine their alarm on finding that the Majority Socialists, who were the extreme radicals when the war began, are now the conservatives. The Senate has no time to lose in building a Chinese wall around America. I suggest that they forbid the coming of all news from Europe, beginning ten days hence—by which time I hope to be at sea!

It is only a few days ago since four of Noske's soldiers were killed on the Kurfuerstendamm in a fashionable district of Berlin at the exact spot where Rosa Luxemburg was thrown into the canal by some German officers who liked her ideas no better than does Senator Overman. I heard firing in Moabit as I walked through the Thiergarten. Sniping was then spreading all through the exclusive western section of Berlin. It is said that over one thousand were executed. Martial law is spreading over all Germany. One cannot tell nowadays just what the consequences of going to war will be, just when it will end, and just how safe for democracy the world can be made by this bloody means.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

II. The New Mind

(By cable to the *Nation*)

Paris, March 22

THE morning that Eisner was assassinated I was in the Landtag, which was dissolved by revolver shots. After witnessing some fighting on the streets, and having seen something of fighting in Berlin, I am prepared to affirm that no one need have the slightest fear of Germans again starting anti-Allied hostilities. If such fear is responsible for keeping large armies of occupation in Germany, the troops may be sent home promptly, particularly the Americans. The demoralization of the German forces is complete, especially in Bavaria, where the last regiments are being mustered out and all trained officers are being rapidly sent away from the War Ministry. The troops, comprising half-fed, untrained boys, are as ragged as Falstaff's; all staff work is at an end, and everyone says it would be impossible to recruit ten thousand men to start up a new war. The workers are determined that the old conditions shall never return. One cause of dissatisfaction among workmen with the Ebert Government is the proposal for a new standing army. This feeling is intensified by Noske's brutalities. In Munich many officers of the old army are in flight, and in Berlin officers refuse even to show themselves, though they are armed at all times. There have been murders of officers in so many places that they are often afraid to appear in uniform at night in certain sections. I have heard most violent denunciations of their old officers by the soldiers on the streets, and as serious charges against them of immorality, theft, and cruelty as were ever made by the Allies.

Many questions are asked about the Germans' state of mind: Do the people understand what has happened to them, and how they are regarded by the rest of the world? This can best be answered by saying that the working people and soldiers are through with the old régime forever. Their instincts are truer and better than those of the more educated groups who have done much to educate the public to the realization of the real facts in occupied districts. I have also met many educated people, like Eisner, whose eyes were opened during the war after they got over the intoxication of the first war hysteria. It is surprising how one hears the frankest admissions in shops, on streets, and in railway trains, that the Germans were absolutely lied to. This is sometimes, though not always, considered adequate excuse for many things. Coming from Berlin I met two former officers in the train. One was denouncing one Allied army of occupation for its severity. The other at once spoke up and said: "We have no right to complain; they are only giving us a dose of our own medicine as we gave it to Belgium and France, and they are not making it as severe as we should have, had conditions been reversed. We have no business to complain and I for one propose to stand it like a man, with teeth clenched, knowing that we have no right to protest."

But not all are as sensible as this man. There are still officers who write silly letters. There are still men of the vicious type of Reventlow and not a few officers of all ranks who would like to see the old order back. It is disappointing, too, to meet many people who ought to be well informed but who are still threshing over the old straw and insisting that whatever the faults and crimes in the German method of carrying on the war, the blame for beginning it rests on

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others. It at once appears that these people have never seen Serbia's answer to the Austrian ultimatum and other documents of vital import. One Munich editor assured me that he went to war believing that Germany was assailed, but that official documents which passed through his hands as an officer convinced him that his people had been lied to and deceived. But with the smaller people—soldiers and shop-keepers—one finds unanimous feeling. There will probably always be some people who refuse to see the light, such as General Hoffmann (the author of the abominable Brest-Litovsk treaty), with whom I talked, who is certain that everything done was for the best. One hears at Weimar and elsewhere far too much talk in Prussian tone and some rattling of sabres. Perhaps it is too much to expect that all the reactionary elements should have disappeared overnight. But just now the mills of the gods in Germany are grinding exceeding small. Indeed the grinding process has just begun. No one will say a good word for the Kaiser or admit the possibility of his ever coming back. "Ausgeschlossen" is the one word everybody uses when that question is put. It is true that more than a hundred thousand signatures were obtained to a message of sympathy to the Kaiser, but that was done only by appealing to sentiment; and when one thinks how many of the old nobility and militarist crowd there were this seems an insignificant number. What is much more important is that the Independent Socialists have as one plank of their platform this sentence: "Immediate creation of a federal court with the duty of bringing to book those guilty of having helped to bring on world war and having prevented a timely peace"—a threat very much more likely to worry Ludendorff, Hindenburg, and others than would similar talk at the Paris conference. The Majority Socialists, too, are leaning toward an investigation of war guilt, but events follow one another so quickly that is is impossible to prophesy what will happen. The only certain thing is that if the laboring men had their say that court would be at work now.

One of the best services that could be rendered Germany, and one which I hope to see German-Americans undertake, is the preparation for circulation in Germany of facts about the crimes at Louvain and elsewhere in Belgium, the Von Papen, Boy-Ed, Luxburg, and Zimmermann notes, and also the submarine wickedness. Cheap editions of these, which everybody could buy, would greatly widen the gulf between the old régime and the new, and would make forever impossible the recurrence of anything like military caste. Meanwhile Germany is paying the penalty for the crimes of the old régime. But the plain people who had no part in the old Government cannot see why Americans in particular should wish to starve their women and children. They see that their defeat was the best thing that could happen and believe that a decent Germany will rise from the ashes of the old. They are willing to go through bankruptcy and face Bolshevism if this is necessary to their purging, but they want food, coal, oil, and other things to enable them slowly to build up again. So far as old Germany is concerned, it is wonderful how much has been sloughed off, even if it is disappointing that no strong new leaders have as yet arisen. Everything about the old régime made against this, and we may have to wait some time for new men.

The only reason the Ebert Government is in office to-day is that the opposition, while it has a programme, has no men to offer to the directorate as alternatives. If they had, Ebert and Scheidemann would go at once. Their weakness is that they had so much to do with the old régime that they are praised by the reactionaries and that the instinct of the people tells them that these men are back numbers. Yet it is a fact that at present people are rallying to them because of their belief that the alternative is anarchy. As soon as it appears that there is another alternative which is not Bolshevism or communism, these men will go. Indeed, the peace terms may be their undoing. The frame of mind of the property owner may be guessed, when one considers the taxing away of all war profits, the taking of a portion of every man's property for the current expenses of state, and the introduction of increasingly heavy inheritance, property, and income taxes, besides the annulling of all war loans, with certain exceptions. Some embattled capitalists have flown their property by aeroplane to Switzerland, and small motor boats have transferred large funds to Denmark and elsewhere, but this has to be done secretly because the Government takes one-third of all the property of those who emigrate. When it is realized that the fall in value of the mark results in great losses in changing money to foreign values, there is little to be saved even if passports can be secured. Like the Bavarian decree, the Independent Socialist platform forbids private ownership of all lands and houses in cities. Citizens having rooms unused in any house must turn them over to the city to be filled with anybody in need of lodgings.

Sometimes I think the difference between old and new Germany is best illustrated by the simple fact that the Bavarian Government has already begun altering royal palaces and villas, making them over into homes for working people. After that who will dare call this a fake revolution? When I left Paris, certain Northcliffe papers were calling the recent uprisings "cinema revolutions." The gentlemen who wrote these words would have found other adjectives if they had been present with me and seen the wonderful outpouring at Eisner's funeral, had watched the fighting in Munich, had seen the absolute disarmament of the bourgeoisie and the arming of every trade-union worker in Munich with an army rifle and many rounds of ammunition.

The first revolution overthrew monarchies; the second is purely a class revolution; the third—if it occurs—will establish straight Soviet republics. Against this the fight is being made; and it is hoped that the food now purchased from the Allies will prevent it. Germany is, however, in a vicious circle requiring more than food. Factories are shutting down for lack of coal and raw materials, and this adds to the army of unemployed, and swells the Bolshevist ranks. The steady deterioration of transportation prevents the carrying of coal even when it is available. Finally, repeated strikes further paralyze transportation and cut down coal production. Surely it needs a genius to save Germany.

Unfortunately for the Allies, the war has shown that war or social revolution in one big country affects all the world. The wall of bayonets with which Pichon wished to encircle Russia cannot prevent the spread of radical ideas to France, Belgium, and Italy. Pichon, by the way, says that if Germany does not sign the peace terms the war will go on. But it takes two to make a war. The Germans are skeptical, too, about the Allied desire to keep large armies in a country just now engaged in a class war, particularly when France, for instance, has a deficit in sight of four billions of francs for the current year.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

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The Catholic View of Reconstruction

By RAYMOND SWING

THE way for the German democracy represented in the Weimar Assembly was prepared by the remarkable affiliation of Catholics and Socialists. The Reichstag resolutions of July, 1917, were the work of this partnership under Erzberger and Scheidemann; this combination was answerable for the rise of Prince Max, and, in a measure, for the abdication of the Kaiser. Such a collaboration might perhaps have prepared us to look for a similar alignment here in the United States; yet the pronouncement on reconstruction* by the four bishops of the American National Catholic War Council has been as surprising as was the formation of the free Reichstag *bloc*, and it is likely to prove in some respects as potent.

Though the American Catholics in announcing a striking economic programme have not entered the political lists, or made allies of the Socialists, the church is expressing the same spirit here as in Germany. It disavows what many have considered its previous predilections; it positively espouses the interests of labor. And from such candor and practicality may spring a growth of invaluable political realities. It might be distorting the parallel with the German development to deduce a future of open coöperation as in Germany, but it is obvious that a kinship has been established which is likely to express itself explicitly at such moments as elections.

The statement on reconstruction is signed by the four members of the administrative committee of the National War Council—Bishops Muldoon, Schrembs, Hayes, and Russell. After pointing out that in contrast with Europe we are confronting no great social changes, it proceeds with several immediate concrete proposals: the settlement of soldiers and sailors on unused lands; the extension of the Government employment service; the perpetuation of the War Labor Board; the abolition of child labor; the limitation of women in industry to suitable work and to the narrowest essential bounds, on the same basis of pay as men for equal work; and the provision of universal vocational training, of a nature that does not deprive children of one class of the elements of cultural instruction, or weaken parochial and other private schools. Coöperative stores are recommended as a more effective means of reducing the cost of living than Federal price control. But in the priceless experience in management that coöperation gives to workers and consumers the bishops see greater merits than the mere saving of middlemen's profits. Without this training, they say, "desirable extensions of governmental action in industry will not be attended by a normal amount of success."

The radical character of the pronouncement is in its treatment of the ethics of remuneration and industrial management, and the philosophy of its carefully worded statements marks the leaders of the church as among our advanced labor thinkers. No satisfaction is found in the mere minimum for a decent livelihood. "After all," it is declared,

> a living wage is not necessarily the full measure of justice. In a country as rich as ours, there are few cases in which it is possible to prove that a worker would be getting more than that to which he has a right if he were paid something in excess of this ethical minimum. Why, then, should we assume that this is the normal share of almost the whole laboring population? Since our industrial resources and instrumentalities are sufficient to provide more than a living wage for a very large proportion of the workers, why should we acquiesce in a theory which denies them this measure of the comforts of life? Such a policy is not only of very questionable morality, but is unsound economically. . . . The only persons who would benefit considerably through a general reduction of wages are the less efficient among the capitalists and the more comfortable sections of the consumers. On grounds both of justice and sound economics we should give our hearty support to all legitimate efforts made by labor to resist general wage reductions.

The bishops consistently point to remuneration as the greatest of the fundamental issues. They advocate the enactment of a legal minimum wage by State Legislatures, sufficient for a man to provide decently for his family, and for a woman worker to enjoy decent individual support. They would keep, however, an outlook upon the day when this minimum would be high enough to permit the worker to care not only for the present needs of his family but for the future as well. Social insurance against illness, invalidity, old age, and unemployment is looked upon as undesirable in itself, but as a temporary aid to be provided by the state until the time when wages shall have reached a higher level. "The ideal to be kept in mind is a condition in which all the workers have the incomes and the responsibility of providing for all the needs and contingencies of life, both present and future."

The plan for labor's participation in management is copied from the programme of the English Quaker employers, who would concede to employees representation in the industrial part of business management: "the control of processes and machinery; nature of product; engagement and dismissal of labor; hours of work, rates of pay, bonuses; welfare work; shop discipline; relations with trade unions." The establishment of shop committees, working wherever possible with the trade union, is the method suggested. "There can be no doubt," says the report, "that a frank adoption of these means and ends by employers would not only promote the welfare of the workers, but vastly improve the relations between them and their employers, and increase the efficiency and productiveness of each establishment."

The report reverts to the subject of remuneration in its concluding and highly significant formulation of ultimate and basic reforms. It finds three chief defects in the present system: enormous inefficiency and waste in production and distribution; insufficient incomes for the majority of workers; and unnecessarily large incomes for a small minority of privileged capitalists. The last evil, it declares, must be corrected by a return of competition, by the adequate governmental regulation of such public service monopolies as will remain under private operation, and by heavy taxation of incomes, excess profits, and inheritances. "The principle is clear that human beings cannot be trusted with the immense opportunities for oppression and extortion that go with the possession of monopoly power." The evils in production and distribution, it asserts, would be in a

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great measure abolished by the living wage, industrial education, coöperation, and labor's participation in management.

The report continues:

> Nevertheless the full possibilities of increased production will not be realized so long as the majority of the workers remain mere wage earners. The majority must somehow become owners, or at least in part, of the instruments of production. They can be enabled to reach this stage gradually through coöperative productive societies and copartnership arrangements. In the former the workers own and manage the industries themselves; in the latter they own a substantial part of the corporate stock and exercise a reasonable share in the management. However slow the attainment of these ends, they will have to be reached before we can have a thoroughly efficient system of production or an order that will be secure from the danger of revolution. It is to be noted that this particular modification would not mean the abolition of private ownership. The instruments of production would still be owned by individuals, not the state.

Despite this veritable social ownership—the substance without the title—the report declares that the present industrial system is destined to last for a long time in its main outlines; private ownership, or capitalism, is not likely to be supplanted by a collectivist organization of industry "at a date sufficiently near to justify any present action based on the hypothesis of its arrival." "This forecast we recognize not only as extremely probable but as highly desirable; for, other objections apart, Socialism would mean bureaucracy, political tyranny, the helplessness of the individual as a factor in the ordering of his own life, and in general social inefficiency and decadence."

This is the first American reconstruction programme from any source which places so positive an emphasis on the factor of production, and which in any way states the underlying truth upon which future building is to be founded: that the worker must be free to reach his maximum. During the first century of industrialism the principal struggle has been to set minimum standards; the goal of collective movements and the focus of theory alike have been, not to compel capital to share its power, but to prevent exploitation. The war, by creating for the first time the unescapable necessity for the highest possible social service on the part of industry, terminated this long class conflict. It stands now among the tenets of civilization that the workers themselves shall guard their minimum rights. But reconstruction must not be limited to carrying over into peace times the practices proved invaluable by the war.

A few of our engineers have known that industry is a new machine by no means yet perfected. It is a shocking fact that in America, measured by an absolute gauge, it is not twenty-five per cent. efficient, as competent authorities declare. It is shocking to be faced with unemployment and with quarrels over the variation of a few cents in wages, or to listen to capitalistic objections to the demand for workers' elementary rights while our factories as a whole might be producing four times as many goods, paying four times as high wages, and netting four times as large profits, if industrial management were perfect and the workers were contributing their best.

Full efficiency, however, cannot be obtained in industry as at present managed. The man who works is the final criterion; and he is psychologically incapable of giving his fullest intelligence if he does not receive the returns from the intensified effort. The experiments in new techniques of management will not be generally successful until they are immediately supervised by labor for labor's profit.

Underneath the present unrest is the instinct that something in the system is profoundly wrong. In Russia the ownership of property has been transferred to the state in an effort to find the cure. But this is also only a method of approaching the larger issue. Not the partition of wealth, but the creation of it, is the great industrial motive of the race. In America there are two obstructions in the way of creation, the ignorance of capital and the discontent of labor. Reconstruction which does not efface these difficulties cannot build for permanency.

Even the insistence of the bishops' programme upon labor's participation in management is not strong enough. Management must be revolutionized. It must go into the hands of engineers, so that the men who construct the machines will oversee their operation. Then let these practical technicians be responsible also to the workers who are the chief resource of manufacture. There will be few quarrels between a manager and his men if his work is to train them to earn higher wages. There can be no economist to deny that a fully productive plant is rendering pure social service. And these conditions cannot prevail until the ethics of coöperation are effective.

The bishops have discerned the ethical values in the situation, and it makes little difference by what name their scheme is called. Theirs was a sermon that had to be preached with consummate discretion and tact. But if the individuals own their tools in an industrial state, if cooperative enterprise is extensive, if labor is copartner in all manufacture, if management is answerable for processes, machinery, and pay to the workers, and if the state absorbs excess gains, would even the most arrogant Socialist hesitate to name such a condition the fulfilment of his dream, even though it meant the disregarding of his dogma? But terminology is beside the point. Neither Socialism, communism, plutocracy, nor any other arrangement of the social apparatus can serve unless it operates, and it can not operate unless the industrial equation is solved as a human problem.

The bishops have taken a courageous step, possibly one that some day will be designated as the most serviceable that Catholicism has recently ventured in America. The paucity of constructive thinking in these last months has been in keeping with our inveterate opportunism in dealing wit the subject of economics. That a quartet of Catholic clergymen should give the country stronger labor doctrine, more intelligibly presented and more persuasive, than the reconstruction committee of the American Federation of Labor, is a clue to the times. The only fight that labor need wage alone has been won, and the victory of the minimum awaits only the somewhat tedious process of registration. But the old labor organs have also to be supplanted, for they do not see the social possibilities of new creeds. Production is not a particular concern of two restricted groups, but the central economic consideration of society in its self-transformation. The leadership of thinkers previously so remote as the clergy is not an accidental phenomenon.

But the activity in this study of the Catholics, one may be certain, is also the result of astute calculation. The church has always been a skilful news-gatherer, and it is as thoroughly awake to the alarms of the hour as any modern state. It provokes comment that its two choices have been to instigate, in Germany, the work of freedom, and to expound, in America, the selfsame doctrines of economy for which less sagacious dialecticians are lying in prison.

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The New United States

VI. The Seattle Strike and Afterwards

Seattle, February 28

THE complete story of the general strike which for five days, February 6-10, held Seattle in its grip, and made the city and its people leading topics of newspaper discussion and debate throughout the country, has yet to be written. Those who essay to write it, if so be that they were themselves a part of the occurrences which they describe, can hardly fail to reflect in their pages something of the heat, the grim determination, and the fundamental antagonism of the men and women who, on the one side or the other, struggled night and day to make the strike a success or to send it down to defeat. The outside observer, on the other hand, no matter with what pains he may strive to make himself informed, must always lack the local perspective, and the intimate acquaintance with local feelings and happenings, which are necessary to the full understanding of any social upheaval. One cannot spend an hour with business or labor men in Seattle, however, without realizing that the great strike is still a vivid memory, that its grave significance was not on the whole misunderstood, and that the five fateful days have become, alike for those who directed the strike and for those against whom it was aimed, a point of departure and a line of cleavage.

The details of the long controversy which, beginning by setting the metal trades of Seattle against their employers, ended by setting organized labor against the community, the State, and the Federal Government, have singularly little bearing upon the general merits of the case as Seattle views it, or upon the feelings with which either side surveys the ground that has been lost or won. The justice or injustice of the Macy award, or the right of officials of a national or international union to enter into agreements intended to be binding upon local unions or their members, are undoubtedly questions of real importance to organized labor, to employers, and to the Government. To employers and employees, especially, such things are often the matters of greatest practical consequence in any particular controversy. What Seattle to-day thinks about the recent general strike, however, and the lessons which it has learned, or fancies it has learned, from the events of February 6-10, have only nominal relation to the details in dispute. The controversy between the unions on the one hand and the War Labor Board and the employers on the other involved technical and complicated issues not easily appreciated by anyone who has not made a special study of them. But the larger issue was as clear as it was fundamental. What Seattle faced, and still faces, is an unqualified claim of right on the part of organized labor as a whole to declare a general strike in sympathetic support of the demands of a part of its members; a counter-claim of the city and the State, represented by officials and employer interests, to put down the strike by force and to seek the aid of the Federal Government in so doing; and resulting theories of social and industrial organization either of which, if carried to completion, would make the continuance of the present order of society impossible.

For organized labor the strike was a process of education. It is doubtful if any save a few of the leaders had any clear perception, when they began, of the momentous consequences which the declaration of a general strike might possibly entail. If, as seemed probable, the strike were forcibly broken in a few days, or if, after a show of strength, it were to drag its slow length along for weeks or months to a belated but inevitable collapse, it could count for little more than another unsuccessful effort to redress by force the grievances of the strikers. On the other hand, if the strike, being general, were successful for even a short period, its success would certainly entail an assumption of governmental obligations on the part of the strikers, since the success of the strike would mean that the community was in their hands. The latter was what actually took place. During the five days over which the strike continued, the real governing body in Seattle was not the Mayor and his associates, and least of all the Federal troops, but the strike committee; and the committee did well. When, for example, an irresponsible labor leader announced that the streets of Seattle would be dark, the strike committee said no; darkened streets meant lawlessness and crime in which the workers and their wives and daughters would suffer with the rest, and it was not the purpose of a general strike to enthrone disorder. When the question of milk for sick persons and babies arose, the strike committee saw to it that the necessary supply of milk was delivered; it was not the object of a general strike to wreck the health or destroy the lives of any, least of all the children and the sick. When the hospitals asked permission to have their laundry work done as usual, the strike committee authorized the laundry which it deemed best suited to such work to continue its operations, incidentally rejecting the application of a laundry in which many working people had a direct interest.

Once the strike committee was in control of the city—and it was practically in control from the hour when the strike went into effect—the whole conception of the movement tended to broaden and clarify. It became apparent that the object of a general strike was not to produce anarchy or suffering, but rather the suspension for the time being of the productive activities of the community as a means of redressing grievances. Under such circumstances it was gradually seen that certain normal functions of the city, such as those concerned with health and order, must go on; in other words, that government must be preserved. The question of order, in particular, was imperative. When the chief of police equipped some hundreds of discharged soldiers, still in uniform, with stars and clubs, and sent them forth to "keep the peace" for a *per diem* wage, the strike committee designated a corresponding force of union members to see that the uniformed and bestarred auxiliaries had nothing to do; with the result that there was no disorder in Seattle, and practically no arrests, during the strike. The attempts at feeding the population, or such portion of it as had not laid in provisions in advance, in central eating-places were not, on the whole, very successful; but the number of restaurant kitchens offered for the purpose was conclusive evidence of the widespread sympathy for the strike, while the very effort, ill-managed as it was, showed recognition of the fact that those who forcibly suspend the business life of a city are nevertheless bound to see that the people are fed.

The extent to which the city recognized the actual rather than the titular government of the community is apparent

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enough to anyone who reads the carefully-kept records of the strike committee and observes what was actually done. Before the committee, which would seem to have been in wellnigh continuous session day and night, appeared a long succession of business men, city officials, and the Mayor himself, not to threaten or bully, but to discuss the situation and ask the approval of the committee for this or that step. Heads of business houses, little used to asking permission of employees under any circumstances, wrote formal, courteous letters to the committee, exactly such as they would have written to any recognized municipal official or department, setting forth their reasons why some business operation should be allowed to go on, and asking the privilege of continuing it. Each case appears to have been considered on its merits, and to have been decided, not from favoritism or vindictiveness, but with a view to the bearing of the decision upon the governing or administrative functions which the committee was, in rudimentary fashion, performing.

Meantime, what were the regularly constituted authorities of the city, the State, and the United States doing, and what were the business men of Seattle, notwithstanding their outward compliance, actually thinking and planning?

So far as the city and State officials are concerned, their outward attitude toward the strike was the usual one of condemnation, bluster, and resistance. The only language which seemed to them appropriate to use was the language of threat and force. No comprehension of the general sympathy with which the strike was regarded, or of the significantly orderly way in which it was being conducted, seems to have found lodgment in their minds. Unfortunately for the good name of Seattle and its citizens, it was this long-discredited official view of what was going on that formed the burden of the press dispatches. A swagger chief of police, having sworn in a few useless battalions of khaki aides, paraded a machine-gun through the streets in further pretence of overawing the strikers; whereupon the newspapers sent broadcast the report that Seattle was in the hands of a lawless mob, that life and property were in grave danger, and that only a firm display of force on the part of the police had prevented bloodshed. The Mayor, a politician of mediocre parts, issued flamboyant statements denouncing the strikers and threatening to turn Seattle over to the Federal authorities if the strike were not called off; the same biased press dispatches represented the helpless, blustering executive as a vigorous champion of law and order—a perversion of facts which turned the shafts of ridicule and contempt upon him when the American Defense Society ostentatiously praised his stalwart Americanism. With the single exception of the *Union Record*, a labor paper whose circulation exceeds that of any other Seattle daily, scarcely any Washington newspaper gave either an accurate or an understanding account of what was actually going on; and the misrepresentations and half-truths in which the local press indulged were naturally accepted as veritable facts by the newspapers of the country. It ought by this time to be apparent, even to the most confirmed upholder of the old régime, that, with the irrepressible conflict between the masses and the established order looming ever bigger and blacker on the horizon, the gross misrepresentation which so often continues to characterize American newspaper accounts of industrial disturbances is itself an element of gravest danger.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the non-labor portion of the Seattle community was for the moment badly frightened. When, at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, the normal activities of Seattle suddenly stopped as the strike committee had planned, it seemed to many a respectable citizen that the long-predicted revolution had at last arrived; and it needed no over-heated imagination, especially on the part of employers whose attitude toward the whole labor situation was as fundamentally unintelligent as it was notoriously unsympathetic, to see anarchy and bloodshed near at hand. The formal dealings with the strike committee, already referred to, while manifestly a recognition of the only government that was actually functioning, were the result of fear more than of acquiescence. It was this business sentiment of Seattle which, after it had recovered from its initial shock, pictured the strike in vivid colors, applauded the Mayor for his declamations, and welcomed the unneeded presence of Federal troops. Then, when the general strike was presently called off and the business of the city resumed its former course, the representatives of "business" hardened their hearts. The weighty lessons of the strike as a revelation of industrial unrest and a demonstration of working-class power were ignored. Whatever the business leaders of Seattle think about the general policy of the War Labor Board in dealing with wages and labor conditions in the Puget Sound district, their attitude toward organized labor is today more unyielding and hostile than ever; and their attitude is what it is because the general strike which they had pooh-poohed came so dangerously near to being successful before their eyes. For one brief moment they had stood, as it seemed, on the brink of a revolution which, not fully comprehending, they could only dread; and, once saved from being engulfed, they fell back further than ever into reaction. If there is another general strike in Seattle, blood may, indeed, flow in the streets, and it may not be the strikers who will start the stream.

It is fair to count the Seattle strike as both a failure and a success. It did not win for the unions the concessions which they sought, nor were the leaders able to hold the rank and file of members to long-continued support of the programme which had been marked out. Members of the general strike committee and their immediate associates see now, if they did not see before, that organized labor must undergo a further process of education in solidarity before the social revolution which it desires can be won by its own efforts. The employers, too, reckon the strike a failure because, after continuing for only five days, it was called off and the metal workers, in whose behalf it was declared, were left to pursue their fight alone. For the community, on the other hand, or at least for the portion of the community wise enough to see it, and for the labor leaders certainly, the strike was a success. It showed that solidarity was obtainable throughout a given industrial area, even though it could not long maintain itself; and that a general strike, if it actually prevails, is a political as well as an economic revolution. There is reason for thinking that the preparation for such a revolution, in the form of general and acute dissatisfaction with existing conditions, a fundamental economic situation which makes industrial stability impossible, and education for the political leadership which an assumption of control by organized labor involves, is already well under way in the Puget Sound district. I must reserve for another letter, however, the further discussion of that important subject.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

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The Biographical Approach to Literature

By MARIETTA NEFF

THE four years' ordeal lately ended was productive of so much disquietude that it could create doubt even of the merits of an orthodox mode of literary criticism. The technique of the physiological or scientific-historical method —never entirely satisfying, perhaps—seemed especially inadequate at a time when the world felt so much distrust of mechanical perfection, of mere efficiency, and when the glory of the books that we were all reading was their passionate denial of the importance of the individual. Although the war belongs now to the past, some of us cannot revert to precisely the old attitude toward the biographical approach to literature.

It is inconceivable that we could have become familiar with the best writing done by those actively engaged in the recent conflict without being deeply moved by its impersonal tone. "I do not count" was the creed of the men who fought and died in France—even of those who wrote books. They knew, if they thought about the matter, that both the art of advertising and the art of criticising books are wont to seduce us into interpreting a taste for personalities about authors as a taste for literature. On account of our hardness of heart, it may be, rather than their own commercial instinct, they allowed their experience to be characterized as picturesque, romantic, startling, gripping—publishers' adjectives as easily presaged as hackneyed rhymes. But the finer spirits, at least, among writers of war books surely meant to accomplish a purpose quite different from gratifying by tales of their exploits either our appetite for vicarious heroism or their own human desire to be remembered. Surmising that they were marked for death, and that they were not likely to be long reprieved, they did not care too much to enable us, by their bequest of a name, a deed, a handful of printed pages, to distinguish them from countless others who gave themselves as unreservedly. They must have hoped, rather, so to bear witness to the truth as to muster us all, in spite of our egoistic inclinations, into the struggle for world righteousness.

Again and again, in one way or another, they condemned excessive individualism. They understood that one must think not of oneself, but of other selves; not of one's own fate, but of the triumph of the cause. They discovered that it was possible to live the democracy of which we like to talk. Most of all, they knew what they were never quite able to express to us, though they seemed to have travelled the full circle of experience,—that human nature was not forgetting its centre and precipitating itself upon a mad, tangential course. The most curious and touching evidence of their effort to speak to us some ineffable word about the unity of spiritual experience was their recourse to the symbolism of an ancient faith, which, it seems, had not in happier times had any great hold upon them. Yet they assured us that one Figure they had all seen, that with Him they were suffering for humanity, and with Him paying the price of redemption. They showed us, too, if they happened to have read a bit, how they identified the spirit of their striving with that of the great struggles recorded in secular literature. One of the most splendid of those that fell, a happy warrior convinced of the unapproachable glory of these latter days, nevertheless confessed to us how troops thrilled at the thought of doing battle on the site of ancient Troy, and, when he was in search of a name for the soldiers of the Allied armies, he called them Knights of the Grail. Men of this type wished us to remember not their own life and achievements, but their testimony to the persistence of spiritual capacity in mankind.

Civilians who read, during the war, almost nothing but the newly-published experience of men at the front seemed often to find a delicate gratification of the æsthetic sense in the idea that the literature of the war, as well as the struggle itself, was something new and strange. They thought that trench labyrinths, gas, submarines, airplanes, and tanks were scarcely more novel than was the kind of reaction the war aroused in the mind of the fighting man. They recognized a new variety of soldier,—not a clay target, but a hero of high adventure, sailing above France, and dreaming that he steered through

> the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn;

or a fighter haunted in his trench by a line from "The Earthly Paradise," because he perceived that the souls who wore khaki could "make quick-coming death a little thing," and fling aside the body at the hour when the spirit was most shining; or a lover of the constructive arts, trying to tell us, between battles, how poet or painter or man of science felt about personal experience of the bestialities and the splendors of war. Books written by soldiers such as these are a precious gift. And yet, in spite of the degree to which cultivated men who were making inestimable sacrifice became articulate, their finest utterance may sometimes serve to suggest, by its affinity with some ancient tale of self-annihilation, the enduring greatness of literature that readers of war books might think almost superseded, and the unchanging character of the elements of human tragedy. The ballad of Sir Patrick Spens and the Scots lords, who lie buried fifty fathoms deep, is as appealing as last year's lyric made for the loss of men who, only a little while ago, went down to the sea in ships. In the years just past, the parting of Hector and Andromache at the Skaian gates was a thousand times re-enacted, and the Homeric story of that heart-breaking farewell is not yet outworn. Here is further evidence of the unity of our life; and here, made long since, almost as if self-wrought from the elemental stuff of existence, are permanent symbols of renunciation, as modern in feeling as is some war book only a few months old.

Having been brought, in various ways, to feel that the value of literature is largely independent of the accidents of authorship, we may find it pleasant, in an hour given over to thoughts not modern and scientific, to remember old-fashioned critics like Lamb and Hazlitt, who judged books most happily without reference to biographical data. Lamb had a fine instinct for apocalyptic passages. In some burning sentence he found all that he wished to find—the fiery essence of his author's genius. When discussing persons one would wish to have seen, he omitted Milton, for example, fearing lest a taint of the precisian, felt through too close acquaintance with him, might seem thereafter to infect his poetry. In similar fashion, Hazlitt confessed that it was difficult to read contemporary authors without prejudice. He thought that the gods did not often concentrate their gifts, bestowing in equal measure upon the same man, beauty and merit and the art of weaving words into a fabric fit

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to endure. Hazlitt's solution of the problem was to return to old authors, who dwell in the pure and silent air of immortality. Had he cared to bind himself by the laws of logic, he ought to have found his chief delight in anonymous literature, not, of course, scurrilous writing published anonymously for the sake of prudence, but masterpieces bequeathed by ages characterized, for reasons sufficiently well known, by the anonymity of their literature. Hazlitt went at least as far as to say that, in the enjoyment of a book, he gained nothing through familiar acquaintance with its author.

But this is, alas, a very unscholarly attitude, one toward which our respect for scientific-historical criticism does not permit us to be too friendly. Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Matthew Arnold, Walter Pater—how many whom the gods have made critical have taught us all to approach a book by way of the personality of its author! Nevertheless, the method with which a critic ordained of heaven may perhaps be trusted encourages intemperance in less favored folk. Though we should not dare to look into an author's house with prying eyes, we do not treat the man himself with the same shrinking from indiscretion. We read him as if we were directing our shameless gaze into his abode and examining all the hidden economy of his existence. Curiosity, however, like self-revelation, is known and judged by its reserves. Some fine instinct should save us from striving to know an author too intimately. Even literary hagiolaters, burning incense before a fancied shrine, would be guilty of a more pardonable excess than critical detectives, seeking to unlock a door to which the owner had not offered a key.

The French are not, to be sure, altogether responsible for the extreme development of the physiological point of view in criticism, or for our tendency to expend upon petty curiosity about the life of an author the energy that we might devote to enjoyment of his work. It is, at least, true that Taine derived his formula from Hegel; and also that we have been betrayed by German scholarship into making an unliterary approach to literature. Many an industrious Teutonic pen has occupied itself with problems of authorship suggested by the world's great anonymous literature, for instance, and sometimes, it may be, a weary reader has been stirred by this laboriousness to consider as sacrilege any further attempt to rob anonymity of its secret. In the past, perhaps the assumption, in certain moods, of a quite unscientific attitude toward literature presaged, in part, a war-time reaction for which we were long preparing. At any rate, it can scarcely be denied that our methods of study have been more German than we realized, and truer to the letter that killeth than to the spirit that giveth life.

Indeed, few of us that have had any considerable academic training in literature would be precisely at home in a literary heaven into which nothing that worketh a biographical abomination should enter. In our undergraduate days we were introduced to the biographical method. We read, perhaps, the poems of Catullus, with the help of painstaking notes on the history of his passion, or the lyrics of Goethe, with the assistance of incredibly detailed commentary. We neglected Shakespeare's "powerful rhyme" for fantastic discussions about the friend and the dark lady, and we knew more hypothetical data about the relations between Sir Philip Sidney and Penelope Rich than we knew songs of the Starlover to the Star. Sometimes, it may be, we wished that Lesbia were as shadowy a figure as one of the many dainty mistresses of Horace; we dreamed of ladies who were unafraid of contagious blastments and dared unmask their beauty to the moon. As we grew into some knowledge of the literature of the Middle Ages, we found that the lyrics of troubadour or minnesinger possessed, partly through their vague association with persons, the witchery to make us half forget the kind of love they celebrate. But our last estate was worse than our first, for we soon came to believe that, especially in our dealings with mediæval literature, the fear of something called scholarship and originally made in Germany was the beginning of wisdom. We fell to studying dissertations concerning the authorship of works with which we were very imperfectly acquainted, and sometimes, when we had read a learned monograph not quite so dull as the rest, we decided that the author had not mastered the scholarly method. And yet (to speak more seriously) no amount of faith in the necessity of the biographical mode of approach, whether it involved questionable curiosity or fruitless speculation, ever quite annihilated in us the conviction that literature is entitled to be read for its own sake. Even before the war, we were tempted sometimes to doubt accepted canons, and to cherish an anti-Teutonic state of mind.

At present, we feel that the merits of the machinery of criticism can hope, less than before, to escape question. It is not wholly satisfying to regard books of either known or unknown authorship as if they were catalogues of symptoms to be supplemented by biographical data, and subjected to rigid *a posteriori* logic, with a view to a correct diagnosis of the author's case. We would beware of prurient curiosity. We would check dry-as-dust proclivities. We would cultivate, occasionally, a mood in which we are content merely to think that books "do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." If we knew an author's environment, race, age, health, temperament, moral character, formal education, profession, and all the literary sources upon which he drew, we might still be unappreciative of the gift of what, in defiance of personal limitation and petty circumstance, he has bequeathed to us. Criticism has not done its best for us until it has enabled us to recognize and to enjoy the highest values.

The lessons learned from the war might encourage us all, in our reading, as in other matters, to be less petty. Even if, for four years, we have read chiefly war books, and have read them without much thought about our attitude toward them as books, we can scarcely have failed to receive from them some chastening. We must have learned from our soldier-authors, if not in some more immediate way, that suffering disciplines the importunate claims of personality, and produces a modern analogue to the group-feeling that long ago evolved, from time to time, not authors but literature. Moreover, now that the war is ended, and we have opportunity to reflect, we ought surely to realize that the very few war books destined to survive as literature will live largely because they seem not to have been written by authors preoccupied with their own experience, however thrilling at the moment, or however sorrowful, but rather to have been created by the elemental facts of life, as symbols of the spiritual consciousness of mankind in a period of world crisis. If we are of critical temper, we ought also to entertain henceforth a stronger conviction that criticism, if it is rightly to appraise a book, ancient or modern, must still, after it has exhausted all the resources of the scientific-historical method, make use of "the spirit sense."

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A Note from the Pipes

By LEONORA SPEYER

Pan, blow your pipes and I will be
Your fern, your pool, your dream, your tree!

I heard you play, caught your swift eye,
"A pretty melody!" called I,
"Hail, Pan!"—and sought to pass you by.

Now blow your pipes and I will sing
To your sure lips' accompanying!

Wild god, who lifted me from earth,
Who taught me freedom, wisdom, mirth,
Immortalized my body's worth,

Blow, blow your pipes! And from afar
I'll come—I'll be your bird, your star,
Your wood, your nymph, your kiss, your rhyme,
And all your godlike summer-time!

In the Driftway

UNCLE SAM is supposed to be fairly prodigal with his funds, especially in time of war, but whatever his pet extravagances may be, he is certainly careful about the traveling expenses of the people on his payrolls. A man in Government service whose work took him recently through Georgia showed the Drifter the other day a little document which he says he intends to preserve. It was a formal notice from the disbursing clerk of one of the Government departments to the effect that "the following deductions have been made from your expense account" of such and such a date:

Pullman tip	$0.25
" "	.25
Breakfast on diner	.35
Total	$0.85

And below the items were the following typewritten memoranda:

Desire to know where Pullman porterage was paid. If in Georgia, it can not be allowed on account of anti-tipping statute. If outside of Georgia, claim in next expense account.

Breakfast on diner is suspended for an explanation as to why this meal was not taken before leaving official station at 8:45 A. M.

Yes, this is really your Uncle Sam, the Henry Ford among nations, bless his honest careful millionaire heart!

THE Drifter spent the post-fluial days of vacuity perusing catalogues of ancient books. It is a delightful and soothing labor. Magnificent old causes, lost and won but utterly forgotten, stare at you with their message of the futility of all things. Heidelberg Catechisms, more dangerous than the "Secret Code of Lenine" are offered for half a dollar and no buyers. Original copies of the Grande Encyclopédie which set thrones rocking, for their weight in nickel. The things for which people fought and suffered, reduced to so much woodpulp—an image pleasing to the eye of a patient condemned to a diet of intellectual and physical gruel. But behold—here was an item of extraordinary interest. Sometime during the latter half of the sixteenth century the Mennonites of Antwerp had wrought a heavy tome, proving by many quotations from Holy Writ that no man ought to be forced to carry arms against his convictions. This bold statement had not failed to displease the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church across the broad Scheldt, engaged upon a most formidable struggle against their Spanish oppressors. They wished to answer the Mennonite heresy. As soon as a decent printing press had been installed (in the year 1580 to be exact) in the good town of Middleburg, they prepared a fitting answer for the dangerous pacifist sect. On the front page they printed a text. It was Romans xvi, verse 17. As soon as the kind nurse came with the evening pap, the Drifter asked for his Bible. He looked for Romans and there, behold, he read: "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrines which ye have learned; and avoid them."

FOR nearly two thousand years Paradise has been on a near-mead basis, and Hell has always been rather more than bone dry, so that the prohibitionists will have no excuse for extending their activities into the next world. There was, however, a body of orthodox Christians, cleric and lay, who, while resigned to the non-alcoholic joys of Paradise after death, yet looked forward to one grand final ante-mortem spree. Such was the George Buchanan, the humanist, who, having only three weeks to live, set up a cask of Graves by his bedside, and "wrought so valiantly" that he finished it before the three weeks were up. The Drifter wonders whether he has any successors to-day, and hopes not. Then there was the Goliard who hoped to die "ebrius ebriis circumstantibus angelis," and he who voiced his mortuary aspirations in immortal verse. Said he:

Est mihi propositum in taberna mori.
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, ubi venerint angelorum chori,
"Deus sit propitius huic potatori."

Excellent Latin! Note only the tense in "venerint": no teetotaller will ever compass it. For such an one, after July 1 next, the *joie de mourir* becomes an impossibility. And what about Terpsichore if the reformers have their way? Perhaps her case is not quite so desperate as that of Bacchus. Said Cicero: "Nemo fere sobrius saltat nisi forte insanit," "Hardly any one dances when he is sober unless perchance he be mad." For Terpsichore, therefore, there is the refuge of the lunatic asylum. But to what grotto will the nymph Nicotine flee when the reform wave threatens to overwhelm her?

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to this Issue

RAYMOND SWING is a journalist who during the past year has been connected with the War Labor Board as investigator.

MARIETTA NEFF is a former instructor in English at the University of Chicago, and the author of a recent magazine article on Swinburne's revolutionary poetry.

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Correspondence

No Farms for Farmers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Hey, There! Do You Want a Home on a Farm?"

This is the rude manner in which the Secretary of the Interior labels one of his recent pamphlets concerning his reclamation schemes. The rudeness might be overlooked, but—not the injustice of the proposed schemes.

The Department of the Interior is asking for one hundred million dollars to start reclamation work in practically every State. No project is to be undertaken, unless at least one hundred families can be provided with homes and farms near community settlements. These farms are to be sold on terms permitting the buyers to repay the Government on a long term basis.

The mere statement of this plan arouses enthusiasm in any one who is at all familiar with the loneliness and the hardships of the hundreds of thousands of tenant farmers in this country. I thought of all the boys I had known who had gone through agricultural schools and yet, when they graduated, refused to take up life as farm tenants but preferred to work in slaughter houses. At last the chance had come for such as these.

But I was wrong. The Department of the Interior is planning to permit only persons who wore the uniform during the war to take advantage of the proposed reclamation work. And the bill introduced in the House contains the same limitation. Soldiers, sailors, and marines, whether drafted or volunteers, and they alone are granted this opportunity. The justification for this discrimination is hard to see. During the whole war the farmers were rightly called patriots, and, especially if they had several children, were urged not to leave their farms and their families for the army and the navy or the shipyard. No one denies that the work should be done, that the millions of acres of swamp lands, cut over lands, and arid regions should be made habitable and productive and turned into farms.

But why no farms for farmers?

STANTON COIT KELTON

St. Davids, Pa., March 4

Greek Drama and Grand Opera

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Cleasby's interesting article on "Greek Tragedy for Grand Opera" in your issue of March 15 recalls a passage in the charming "Studies of the Greek Poets" by John Addington Symonds (Chap. xviii):

"The plays of Aristophanes, upon the stage, must have been like our pantomimes, or rather like our operas. If we wish to form a tolerable notion of the appearance of an Aristophanic comedy, we cannot do better than keep in mind the "Flauto Magico" of Mozart. Had Mozart received a good translation of the "Birds" instead of the wretched libretto of the "Zauberflöte," what a really magic drama he might have produced! Even as it is, with the miserable materials he had to work upon, the master musician has given us an Aristophanic specimen of the ludicrous passing by abrupt but delicate transitions to the serious, of parody and irony playing in and out at hide-and-seek, of pathos lurking beneath merriment, and of madness leaping by a bound into the regions of pure reason. And this he has achieved by the all-subduing witchery of music—by melodies which solve the stiffest contradictions, by the ebb and flow of measured sound rocking upon its surface the most varied thoughts and feelings of the soul of man. In the "Zauberflöte" we are never surprised by any change, however sudden—by any incident, however whimsical. After first lamenting over the stupidity of the libretto, and then resigning ourselves to the caprices of the fairy story, we are delighted to follow the wanderings of music through her labyrinth of quaint and contradictory absurdities. Just so, we fancy, must have been the case with Aristophanes. Peisthetærus and Euelpides were not more discordant than Papageno; the Birds had their language as Astrifiammante has hers; nor were the deeper tones of Aristophanic meaning more out of place than the bass notes of Sarastro and the choruses of his attendant priests. Music, which has harmonized the small and trivial contradictions of the "Zauberflöte," harmonized the vast and profound contradictions of Aristophanic comedy. It was the melodramatic setting of such plays as the "Birds" and the "Clouds" which caused their *Weltvernichtungsidee* to blossom forth melodiously into the magic tree, with all its blossoms and nightingales and merry apes.

Professor J. K. Paine has left alluring specimens of what might be done with such libretti as the "Birds" and the "Œdipus Rex." What wealth of lyric treasure awaits the adventurer in Greek comedy as well as tragedy, in "Clouds" and "Frogs" as well as "Troades" and "Bacchæ"!

H. H. YEAMES

Hobart College, March 18

Evicted Scientists

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following may interest you and your readers. I found this notice in the editorial section of the "Anzeiger für den Schweizer Buchhandel" 1919 No. 1 (January 10, 1919):

"The Rector and Senate of the University of Leipzig forwarded the following 'open letter' to the universities of Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway:

" 'The University of Leipzig most emphatically calls the attention of the universities of the neutral countries to the unheard of actions of the French Superior Command against the German men ("Traeger") of science at Strassburg.

" 'It is already beyond comprehension that German officials and citizens are being expelled at shortest notice, but it constitutes a grave injury not alone to individuals but also to science, when German scholars and every one of the German librarians of the University of Strassburg are being compelled to leave city and country within twenty-four hours without being allowed to take along any of their belongings. This very often results in the loss of the fruits of lifelong labor in the fields of science, which in no way can ever be repaired,—a detriment to international culture against which representatives of science in all countries, including enemy countries, should lodge their severest protest.' "

A. B.

Yonkers, New York, February 26

Kilauea in Action

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The present eruption of Kilauea recalls an interesting visit to Mauna Loa at the time of the great eruption in 1896. Kilauea remained quiescent at that time, or but gently threatening; and Pele, the island goddess of fire, refused a sight of her majesty to the would-be worshippers who had climbed to the summit for reverential purposes. Constant little puffs of whitest steam gave evidence of her presence, and eggs were well cooked in small cracks of the glistening black lava surface; but there was no other announcement of the nearness of that tremendous power now showing its gigantic force in terrifying sound and sight.

The remoteness of the Hawaiian Islands from one another is hardly appreciated by one who has not visited them. Honolulu and the whole group are practically synonymous to most persons. Maps also give a rather false suggestion that the islands are separated by channels which may lie perhaps an hour or two apart. The real fact is, however, that two days and a night of sailing on the local steamers are required from

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Honolulu to the port on Hawaii, the largest island, from which the ascent of Kilauea is made. The present overflow from Kilauea is reported to be greatly in excess of its previous cascading torrents of March, 1918, as well as far more magnificent. While not perhaps as spectacular as the tremendous rush at that time, there is said to be no indication whatever of any approaching cessation of the monumental rising. The eruption is now a stream of glistening lava, flowing with a steady, stealthy gliding which, while apparently progressing slowly at the forward end, is nevertheless piling itself up in almost incredible masses near the source. On the southwestern side there is no longer any indication of the famous Hale-mau-mau Pit.

This vast tilted roof, extending entirely over the Pit, has been broken in four or five places by circular "spatter-walls" within which are lakes, now fountaining heavily, and flinging out molten torrents to flow still further on. An almost perfectly smooth floor, over a mile in circumference, remains stable for several hours, then sinks down, while gigantic torrents of crimson and orange liquid lava surge upward simultaneously, roar onward over the surface, break through, so allowing other vast fountains to rise in enormous pyrotechnics on an unbelievable scale; and this is repeated continually. The great overflow is damming itself back constantly, by a most unusual process which is all that prevents it from becoming a torrential discharge of lava such has never been seen at Kilauea within historic time.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD

Cocoanut Grove, Florida, March 6

Wholesale Hide-and-Seek

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our new-found friends, the Belgians of the territory so long occupied by the German army, have many an interesting tale to tell of the clever ruses by which their oppressors attempted, often with success, to extort the things of which they stood in most need. As I walk down the street of this Belgian town, I see, on every door, key-plates and letter-slots of wood, door-knobs of wood, knockers, if any, of iron. The few that are of brass—now so brightly polished—have been brought out from their *cachettes* since the armistice. My host is a church decorator, a worker in plaster, and something of a painter, and he has told me about his various *cachettes*. In his shop stand plaster images, many of them life-size. Several of these he filled with brass chandeliers, candlesticks, and church and office fittings, and then sealed them up with plaster. In the house he constructed a false ceiling in a high closet, and even went so far as to decorate it with some trifling design. On several occasions he carried an image of the Virgin to a near-by village and brought it back filled with wheat. He showed me the little hole in the top of the head through which he had poured the grain.

But his bicycle was found. For having concealed it, he was condemned to six months in prison and a fine of five thousand francs. He says, "And do you think I paid either the one or the other? Not I. I took two thousand francs and went straight to the military magistrate and gave him the two thousand to forget about it. He tore up the papers then and there!"

The Belgians say the Germans had "all the tricks," but I cannot help thinking that the Belgians themselves had a few of the best. With the Boche prodding deep into all the gardens with their bayonets, seeking buried copper kettles, and frequently finding them, a man might well be puzzled to conceal an automobile. But hide them they did, and often successfully. Just how, is one thing they have not told me. I leave it to any American householder to find so safe a hiding place in his home that four years' search by an invading army would fail to discover his seven-passenger car!

RUNDALE M. LEWIS

Tournai, Belgium, January 5

The French and Alsace-Lorraine

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just received your issue of December 21 containing an article by Dr. Georg Brandes in which I read:

"It is quite impossible to let justice as an abstract idea settle international disputes, as, for instance, the question of Alsace-Lorraine. Germany wants to retain these provinces which were once German and belonged to Germany. France demands them back, because for two hundred years they belonged to France and were only unwillingly ceded to Germany. *In the forty-seven years that have passed since this cession, by emigration of Frenchmen and immigration of Germans as well as through changed political and economic conditions, the majority of the population has become German or pro-German.* What now does abstract justice teach us? In case of a plébiscite how will it decide? For the French emigrants and their children, *or for the German immigrants who at present populate the provinces?*"

It seems only fair that your readers should know that, from the French point of view, which is also, as you will see, that of conscientious Germans acquainted with the present state of Alsace-Lorraine, the lines which I have italicized beg the question. It would take more space than you could grant me to give all the evidence in favor of the contention that Germany has entirely failed to Germanize these provinces, and that, at heart, the great majority of the population has remained French. But it may be worth while to state *en passant* that out of the 1,800,000 inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine at the beginning of the war, only 400,000 were Germans, and that out of these 250,000 were civil servants appointed by the German Government (this figure including the families—wives and children).

On March 22, 1917, the Saxon member of the Reichstag, Deputy Wendel, having revealed the special measures to which the natives of Alsace-Lorraine were being submitted by the German military authorities (internment: *Schutzhaft;* removal from their homes: *Aufenthaltbeschränkung;* interdiction to speak French in public places; Germanizing of the names of the villages in Lorraine, of the names of the dead and of the epitaphs on the tombstones; numerous executions; ill-treatment—*Misshandlung* of Alsatian and Lorrainese soldiers) came to the conclusion: "All the efforts we have made to win this population to German culture are compromised by the harshness of such methods. The system of encouraging denunciation by bribery and threats which prevailed in Alsace may be compared to those which were used during the worst periods of the Roman Empire. The system must change. We cannot afford to lose a moment."

On the 23d, the Secretary for War was asked in the Reichstag why leave was systematically refused to natives of the annexed provinces. The answer was that it was "*on account of the hostility shown by the population of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany.*" On the same day Deputy Pehrenbach (of the Centre) said: "Alsace-Lorraine is an unfortunate country. First of all she was submitted to a type of government which was not suited to her, and then a military dictatorship was forced upon her." On the 26th, Deputy Wendel said: "The great Revolution, by conferring upon the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine civic rights, has made them French. Prussia has once endeavored to drive them with the whip of her policeman and *Feldwebel.*" (Your readers remember the Zabern affair which was previous to the war.) On June 7, 1918, Baron Gemmingen, president of the department of Lorraine (state-appointed), confessed that "if Lorraine were consulted to-day an *overwhelming* majority would be in favor of reunion with France, and this as much through love of the French flag as through the hatred, anger, and resentment caused by the treatment to which she had been subjected."

ANDRE CHEVRILLON

St. Cloud, France, February 4

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Literature

A Mystic's Confessions

The Candle of Vision. By "A. E." (George W. Russell). New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

THERE is no getting behind the logic of the contention that only the mystic can write with authority upon mystical experience. Mr. Russell's own challenge to the rationalist is summed up in the words: "I surmise from my reading of the psychologists who treat of [the imagination] that they themselves were without this faculty and spoke of it as blind men who would fain draw although without vision." Only, while listening to "A. E.'s" words, it is but reasonable to retain a tinge of skepticism as to the sincerity of the utterance. There can be no question of deliberate mountebankery; but what of the unconscious workings of the artist's mind? The problem is that which confronts the student of, say, the great opening vision of Ezekiel in which Jehovah is seen to depart in his winged chariot from Jerusalem to dwell with the exiles by the river of Chebar. How much of this is authentic vision? How much hallucination? How much literary art? "A. E." recognizes the difficulty, and has tried "to discriminate between that which was self-begotten fantasy and that which came from a higher sphere." What he records are the customary phenomena of mysticism: a sense of exaltation, of more than human power, of being temporarily uplifted beyond the ordinary limits of our capacities; of proximity to divinities and demi-gods, spirits, and plumed or winged creatures of some other sphere of life that just impinges upon the extreme boundaries to which the human spirit, in moments of intense meditation, is capable of being raised. The land in which he has sojourned from time to time was not known to him in infancy as it was to Blake. "I was not conscious in my boyhood of any heaven lying about me," he says. It was when he was about sixteen that intense imaginations of another world began to crowd in upon him. At first his heart was proud of these visionary powers, but presently he came to realize that pride in beholding these splendors was as though at the sun's rising one should exclaim: "That glory is mine."

He is insistent in explaining that his is no unique experience; to gain this faculty of vision no special genius is necessary; he offers to take us along with him if we will but learn of him. "There is no personal virtue in me other than this that I followed a path all may travel but on which few do journey. It is a path within ourselves where the feet first falter in shadow and darkness but which is later made gay by heavenly light." And again: "I know that my brain is a court where many living creatures throng, and I am never alone in it. You, too, can know that if you heighten the imagination and intensify the will. The darkness in you will begin to glow, and you will see clearly, and you will know that what you thought was but a mosaic of memories is rather the froth of a gigantic ocean of life, breaking on the shores of matter, casting up its own flotsam to mingle with the life of the shores it breaks on. If you will light your lamp you can gaze far over that ocean and even embark on it. Sitting in your chair you can travel farther than ever Columbus travelled and to lordlier worlds than his eyes had rested on. Are you not tired of surfaces? Come with me and we will bathe in the Fountains of Youth. I can point you the way to El Dorado."

Proper exercise of the will, careful development of the faculty of intuition, and regard for what imagination and dreams tell us may bring us, too, into the "Many-coloured Land" where dwell the fair archetypes shadowed forth in old philosophy above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, Earth. But it is a laborious task, for the body resists the efforts of the spirit to free itself from its trammels. There must be unwearying concentration of the mind upon some abstraction of form; pride must be cast out, for at the whisper of vanity the opening vision fades; selfishness must be put by before the faculty of will is fully exercised, for once this power is roused it is as capable of vitalizing the darker passions and awakening inextinguishable dread desires as it is of uplifting the pure and selfless soul to the heights of vision. It is this strong power, exercised conjointly with the other noble faculties, that speaks in the beautiful verses with which one chapter closes:

> "My kinsmen they are, beauty, wisdom, love;
> But without me are none may dare to climb
> To the Ancestral Light that glows above
> Its mirrored lights in Time.
>
> "King have I been and foe in ages past.
> None may escape me. I am foe until
> There shall be for the spirit forged at last
> The high unshakable will.
>
> "Fear, I will rend you. Love, I make you strong.
> Wed with my might the beautiful and wise.
> We shall go forth at last a Titan throng
> To storm his Paradise."

Whence come the visions that break in upon the unshackled spirit? "A. E." has more than one explanation of them; but most important is the "Ancestral Light" spoken of in these verses. Imagination, he argues, at some length, is no "mosaic of memories," for to say that in vision and in dream we merely refashion memories is to surmise "a marvellous artist, to whom all that we have ever seen with the physical eyes is present at once, and as clay in the hands of a divine potter." Rather he believes, with many poets and with at least one distinguished psychologist, that the images he has seen in reverie and dream are part of the memory of Earth. "We have access to a memory greater than our own, the treasure-house of august memories in the innumerable being of Earth." Of some such reveries, drawn, as he holds, from this treasure-house, he gives an exquisite account, as of the early Gaelic civilization that revived before his mind as he wandered amid the duns where his far-off Irish ancestors had dwelt, or as of the vision of Hellenic life evoked by some mysterious symbolism in certain Grecian names found by him in a classical dictionary. At other times it would seem to be a subliminal personality, transcendent to the Self of waking hours, that teaches him. This was the case in the strange experience when, meditating upon the name to give a picture that he was at work upon, symbolizing the first appearance of the Divine Idea of man, a voice whispered to him "Call it 'The Birth of Æon'"; and some days later he chanced upon the fact that the Gnostic term for the first created beings was "Æon." This experience is memorialized in the mysterious letters "A. E." under which Mr. Russell writes. It prompted him to brood upon the elements of human speech, for he believed that through intuition he could compel the Earth-memory to render up to him some of its secrets. He tried "to arrive at the affinities of sound with thought . . . letter by letter, brooding over them, murmuring them again and again, and watching intensely every sensation in consciousness, every color, form or idea which seemed evoked by the utterance." The result, which he commends to the consideration of the philologists, is certainly fantastic. We need not follow him into the details of such matters as that R represents motion, that its color correspondence is red, and that its form symbol is a perpendicular line. Nor need we attend to the bewildering ramifications of his reconstruction of the Celtic Cosmogony, based on the old Gaelic wonder tales, which he claims to have arrived at through authentic vision. But very beautiful, with more than an echo of the opium-inspired rhapsodies of De Quincey, are other visions that ancestral memory brought to him: "Looking back upon that other life through the vistas of memory I see breaking in upon the images of this world forms of I know not what antiquity. I walk out of strange cities steeped in the jewel glow and gloom of evening, or sail in gallies over the silvery waves of the antique ocean. I reside in tents,

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or in palace chambers, go abroad in chariots, meditate in cyclopean buildings, am worshipper of the Earth gods upon the mountains, lie tranced in Egyptian crypts, or brush with naked body through the long sunlit grasses of the prairies. Endlessly the procession of varying forms goes back into the remote yesterdays of the world."

Lovers of "A. E.'s" poetry—and it is as a commentary upon the themes of his verse that this book will have its widest appeal—will not need to inquire into the theology of this mystic. "Our citizenship is in heaven." "We are all lost children of the stars," he exclaims. There, in the populous world of starry presences that surrounds this memory-laden Earth which we in ignorance call common clay, is the reality; here we know in part and prophesy in part; only by communion with the Great Mother can the dark glass be made momentarily clear enough to catch a glimpse of the Vision of Perfect Beauty. In dreams and visions and ecstasy we reach out to the archetypal realities. This Platonic rhapsodist is not lightly to be put aside; the man who in dingy Dublin offices has had these visions of "the great Intelligences fair that range above our mortal state" may have something to teach the modern world undreamt of in our psychologies.

Barbusse's New War Novel

Clarté. Par Henri Barbusse. Paris: Ernest Flammarion.

FROM its very first days there was nothing more saddening about the war than its strange power of revealing the infirmities of noble minds. Poets and priests and philosophers went down to intellectual disaster, flung themselves back into the undifferentiated tribal mass, and proclaimed the necessary destruction of all that had been the substance itself of their inner integrity. By way of compensation, there were gradually heard a few solitary voices—clearer and more penetrating for their solitariness—that had other words to speak and another message to deliver. It was the message of minds unshaken by the ruins of a crumbling world, lucid amid the mists of blood and hate, loyal to the reasonableness that is beyond boundaries and traditions.

Attentive readers of "Under Fire" were aware, of course, that Henri Barbusse was among these chosen few. In his new book, "Clarté," also written during the conflict, he completes the process of thought begun in the earlier volume. He completes it without evasion or fear. And therein lies—whether one follows him at all points or not—the force and memorableness of his achievement. He is undeterred by the passionate fetishisms, by the universal and identical moral legends, through which national groups are taught to justify their violence. He is not unmindful of the sad human hunger for illusions, for a world of traditions and of common emotionalism in which the soul may feel less naked and alone. But he sees to what that world has brought us. To save mankind it is necessary "to think, but to think with one's own thought, not with that of others."

He appeals to the reason. He sweeps aside the romantic mysticism of national glory and legend in which the peoples are steeped. He returns almost to the spirit of the Enlightenment. But he does so with this radical difference: he does not strive by means of the reason to substitute a new world of rigid norms and compulsions for the old. He desires the reason to be used to discover how things are in their real nature, and with that reality he would have men be loyally content. For both in the life of sex, which is crucial to the fate of the individual, and in the life of nationalistic pride and conflict, which is crucial to the fate of social groups, he sees us lacerate and destroy each other in the service of dark terrors and immemorial delusions.

"Clarté," however, is not primarily a treatise; it is a novel. For it is the aim of Barbusse actually to show the unreason and the evil compulsions amid which men live in order that they may be persuaded by the living likeness of their fate to turn to the light which he has found. Thus the story is told as the personal experience of Simon Paulin, an intelligent French workingman. It begins long before the war with an account of Paulin's struggle to conform to the current standards in regard to love and patriotism. In the former effort, after the manner of the natural man, he fails wholly but unreflectively. In the latter, his inner reaction is the usual one, although he wonders a little at queer anomalies here and there. He watches Marcassin, for instance, the trimmer of lamps, a creature broken and deformed by labor to save the factory a few francs. This man blinds himself to the nature of his fate by being a passionate and militant patriot, a disciple of Déroulède, an admirer of the "League of Patriots." He consoles himself with hatred: "Il faut que les Alboches disparaissent de la terre!" On the other hand, Paulin is roused to keen emotional opposition by Brisbille, the drunken, disreputable, old Socialist who foretells madness and war.

From his corner of life Paulin watches the great manoeuvres of 1913, and the hunting parties given in honor of an Austrian Arch-Duke, with their ceremonies and their insistence upon the manliness of violence and killing. Yet the war finds him half incredulous and half indifferent, as it finds the plain people all around him. Only Marcassin is ready with his stored-up emotionalism. But the feeling spreads. For all the papers declare at once that " a universal awakening electrifies France," and presently the crowds of the "little people" discover in their own bosoms the enthusiasm they are told about and look at each other with bright and approving eyes.

Paulin joins his regiment, and in the imprisonment of murky barracks and the agony of blind and futile marches that first "élan d'enthousiasme" suggested by the newspapers soon fails. The men didn't want the war at all—any more than did their enemies. Both groups of men were really forced into the service, stripped of their familiar garments, put into uniforms, drilled into likeness of appearance and function. The soul and the person were obliterated and "a steely silence reigned over them." "They herd us together only to separate us!" arose as an obscure and tortured cry from that mass of French conscripts.

Then Paulin is ordered to the front. At first the sector is a quiet one. But the red fury draws nearer and sweeps the trenches held by his division. He is flung into the unspeakable filth and cruelty and blood and corruption, and finds himself wounded and, for the time, forgotten on that monstrous field. Fallen friends and enemies lie there in wild confusion, and out of the obscurity voices and visions come to him—voices and visions that symbolize the meaninglessness of the great madness. He hears a fevered German voice: "There is nothing in the world but the glory of the empire." And a stricken Frenchman answers: "Nothing in the world but the glory of France!" The question floats over that place of death: "Why do you fight?" The German answers: "To save my country!" And the Frenchman echoes the terrible and pathetic words.

Paulin is found and, after weeks in a hospital, he returns home. The brazen, old voices are still clanging, the old delusions of rage and brutality are still suggested to the people. Garish and false festivals are held to commemorate the fallen, and at these festivals the words of the masters are still the same: "After the war let us have no social Utopias, but the union of poor and rich for national expansion and the victory of France in the world and the sacred hatred of the Germans which is a French virtue." Thus Paulin is isolated and soon suspected. In the darkness of battle he has seen that men "kill each other because they are alike," not because they are different. He has come to understand that the territorial and economic ambitions of the rival imperialisms of the master classes annul each other, and that the masses are driven by the delusions of patriotism and religion and false morality into this sterile and unending strife. There is, in this simple man's vision, but one hope for the world—the abolition of force both in its moral and in its physical guise, and the conscious solidarity of the enslaved of all the earth.

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As creative literature the first seven chapters of "Clarté" are by far the best. In them Barbusse renders both the surface of life and its actual moral content with masterly closeness. The later chapters are, of course, less novelistic. For deeply as the conclusions of the book are rooted in the experience of Paulin, the voice in those chapters is, inevitably, the brave and eloquent voice of Barbusse himself. He rightly denied himself the luxury of more consistent art for the sake of issues that transcend it. For art itself is only a form of life, and art is beautiful only as life is rational and free. It may be that greater novels than "Clarté" will be written because of it, since it will help to persuade the self-imprisoned mind into the sunshine of reality.

Toward the Co-operative Commonwealth

Coöperation the Hope of the Consumer. By Emerson P. Harris. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

Coöperation in Danish Agriculture. By Harald Faber. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $2.75.

The Ethics of Coöperation. By James H. Tufts. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.

TWO forces have always been at work among animal kind—that of individual selfishness, and that of social coöperation. In their final analysis they are not very different, but in their immediate manifestations they are diametrically opposed. Working together has been practiced as an anti-social enterprise and as a social enterprise. In whichever of these fields we find men coöperating, the effect is better than when each works against the other. It is better, perhaps, that men should work together as predatory corporations or frankly as bands of robbers than that each should go his individual way preying and being preyed upon by the rest of society.

The social expression of coöperation is the force represented in the modern Coöperative Movement. This is a movement of the people to take into their own hands and administer for their own benefit all the agencies of distribution and production of the necessities of life. It recognizes no limitations to its field, but embraces everything that human beings want. This not only means food, clothing, and houses, but also the accessory needs such as insurance, pensions, banking, medical and nursing care, education, recreation, and everything that the modern political socializing trend would administer for the common good. These things coöperation undertakes through voluntary and free association irrespective of the political state.

Mr. Harris's book, "Coöperation the Hope of the Consumer," is dedicated to these ends in the interest of the consumer. In the preface Dr. John Graham Brooks says: "The consumer has been the forgotten man. From big business down to obscure quackeries he has been fleeced almost without protest. Into this conspiracy of ignorance, wastefulness, and sharp practice, the shock of war has come. The awakening is rude, but the consumer has got the stage. Already millions of us are looking back wondering at the slavish acquiescence with which we took our punishment. We are amazed, perhaps, that we should have submitted to methods of secrecy which have been as mischievous in business as in diplomacy. The world's outcry against organized lying between nations is seen to apply as aptly to these hidden practices in business."

Mr. Harris asserts that the American people pay two billion dollars a year for advertising and smart salesmanship, the purpose of which is to cause the consumer to make needless purchases. He proceeds to show that the evils of the present distributive system are due to one fundamental cause: the competition for profits, which is the motive behind the machinery of production and sale. This results in influencing the moral as well as the physical well-being of the people. Through this aggressive salesmanship consumers are caused to buy when they should not spend their money, and are led to buy wrong things instead of things suitable to their needs. The indictment of the prevalent system of business is quite complete. The question is asked, "Can such enormous influence do otherwise than conduce to materialism and, therefore, tend away from the life of the intellect and the spirit?" There is no advertising of the stellar universe, of the mountains, seas, and forests, of the contemplative life, or the resources of thought and meditation. Business recommends condiments and dainties, but not healthful exercise. It recommends automobiles, but not walking. It makes people want cigarettes, but not health. It seeks to fertilize them for exploitation.

The book describes how coöperative societies are organized and operated. It shows how almost all that Socialism aims to accomplish by coercion and involuntary collectivism coöperation can attain by voluntary collectivism. The fundamental principles of coöperation are stated as follows: (1) one member one vote; (2) invested capital to receive not more than the minimum legal current rate of interest; (3) surplus-savings ("profits") to be returned upon the basis of business done with the society, or to be used for the general social good of the members; (4) goods and service to be sold at the current market price; (5) reserve funds to be set aside for purposes of education and expansion; (6) federation with other coöperative societies, thus connecting with the national and world movement. These are the principles which have come down to us from the Rochdale pioneers. Now, after seventy-five years, we see this idea spreading toward a mastery of the world. With one-third of the population of Europe embraced in the movement, and the increase in membership in coöperative societies going on ten times faster than the population is increasing, the Coöperative Commonwealth seems to be not far before us.

No country has enjoyed greater benefits from this movement than Denmark. Mr. Harald Faber has made available for English readers an interesting study of this vital aspect of Danish life. As Denmark is an agricultural country, the coöperative societies are developed around the interests of the farming population. Coöperation is employed as the method of distribution of farm products, and also of maintaining stores for distributing commodities to the farmer producers. Banking and education are seen to be highly developed. So strong has the coöperative movement in Denmark become that it now embraces more than half of the population. It is steadily eliminating competitive profit-making business, and is bringing the country to a genuine civilization. A recent writer has made the statement that the average Danish peasant farmer is becoming a more cultured man than the average university graduate.

Mr. Faber's book shows that in Denmark the idea of coöperation was not started by philanthropists, such as Owen in England or Raiffeisen in Germany. It grew up locally among the peasants as a gradual and natural expression of their need. It took root in the feeling of solidarity in the knowledge of the benefits they have always derived from mutual help. For centuries these Danes have been accustomed to manage the affairs of their village communities in common. They have learned to know and trust one another, and to coöperate. Any attempt, however, to find the causes of the remarkable coöperative spirit of the Danes to-day would be incomplete without consideration of the People's High Schools. These are veritable hot-beds of coöperation. They are partly supported by the State, but the management and curricula are largely in the control of the coöperators. In a country of only two and a half millions of population their influence is very great. There are seventy of these schools, attended annually by about eight thousand pupils between eighteen and thirty-five years of age.

The financial side of coöperation in Denmark is taken care of by the people's banks and credit unions. The stability of the movement depends on these institutions, which date back to 1850. The Dane, unlike the American farmer, is spared the exploitation by private bankers which prevails in America. The securities of these Danish banking societies are so highly esteemed that they have a financial standing equal to that of the bonds of the Danish Government. This is precisely what coöperation is driving at. It has attained a position in Denmark which makes it a more important factor in the lives of the peo-

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ple than the State. Any country of which that can be said is indeed approaching the realization of the utopian dream of civilization.

The little book by Professor Tufts discusses the divergent social expressions described as dominance, competition, and coöperation. These rest respectively on power, rivalry, and sympathetic interchange. The thesis is presented that coöperation means expansion. It avoids the deadlocks of rigidity. "It is better to grow two blades of grass than to dispute over who shall have the larger fraction of the one which has previously been the yield. It is better not merely because there is more grass, but also because men's attitude becomes forward-looking and constructive, not pugnacious and rigid."

Coöperation is seen by Professor Tufts as supplying the antidote for war. It substitutes for war other activities in which coöperation is superior. Its purpose is service. It aims to substitute a different standard of success for the financial standard. The obstacles to coöperation are: (1) the survival of the principle of dominance; (2) the principle of non-social competition, exhibited in part in the political policy of eliminating weaker peoples, and the use of unfair methods in foreign trade with national power to back up monopoly; (3) the principle of nationalistic sentiment, bound up closely with political sovereignty and antagonisms to such a degree as to become exclusive instead of coöperative in its attitude toward other cultures.

This discussion of the ethics of coöperation views in general the field of mutual aid as contrasted with competition. It is academic, and can not be regarded as a discussion of the ethics of the Coöperative Movement. This movement must be approached as a distinct and organized programme of social and economic action, ideal in its aims and revolutionary in its results.

Organic Ethics

The Good Man and the Good. By Mary W. Calkins. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.30.

FUTURE historians of religion will probably say that the dissolution of Protestantism began with the coming of the railroad. Since then the constantly improving facilities for travel and communication have done much to restore a sense of social solidarity such as men have not felt since the Middle Ages. We have been saying for a long time that the distinguishing mark of our time is the awakening of the social consciousness; and this is due in great part to purely mechanical devices like the steam-locomotive, the automobile, and the telephone. The whole world has shrunk into a neighborhood; and the individualism of the Protestant synthesis has ceased to be relevant in view of the new understanding of the vast and complex reach of moral responsibility.

Speaking generally, those whose business it was to take account of this profound change have failed to do so. The Christian pulpit, in particular, is still doing business in terms of the old individualist ethics; it has hardly begun to realize how profoundly the problem of sin and redemption has been affected by this new situation; and in consequence it is largely engaged in flogging a dead horse. On the other hand, the sociologist has become so entirely obsessed by his social vision that he not infrequently fails to see the trees for the wood. The individual is lost in the mass.

It is the special virtue of Miss Calkins's treatment of the ethical problem that she declines to be either individualist or collectivist. She denies that there is a real distinction between individual and social ethics; she will not have it that the fixed term for ethics is either the individual or the group. She sees that the individual and the group find their end in each other. The great soul and the great society will arrive together. Ethics must be neither social nor individualist, but organic.

And from this principle she sets out upon a singularly fruitful exposition of moral obligation. It is perhaps questionable how far the classification of virtues with reference to instinctive tendencies is altogether valid; but as this classification does little more than supply convenient chapter divisions, it is hardly worth while to raise a contention upon the point. What she gives us (and we are grateful for a splendid piece of pioneering work) is a thorough and systematic discussion of an organic theory of ethics. The book does not pretend to be exhaustive; and it is evidently intended to serve as a college text-book. But it paves the way for a further discussion of the only ethical theory which adequately meets the facts of our modern situation. It is worth notice—to show the modern outlook of the treatment—that the *social* pole of her theory requires a conception of nothing less than the universal community; and this is as it should be in days when we are all learning to speak of a "league of nations."

It may be permitted to express the hope that Miss Calkins will follow up this work and deal more fully with some of the more complex problems of moral responsibility. She touches, for instance, upon the question of punishment; and in no region is there greater need for courageous thinking than here. The atomism of our Protestant inheritance has blinded us to the real character and distribution of guilt and consequently of our common theory and practice of punishment. The criminal is not merely an individual delinquent; he is a social product. And society is chargeable with some portion of his guilt. If he is sent to prison, then we should all be sent to prison with him; but since this is impracticable, the least we can do is to try to restore him. He is properly the object not of retribution but of redemption. But we are still thinking in those individualistic and therefore legalistic terms which our Protestant fathers bequeathed us. We are prone to see things in clear-cut contrasts of black and white; whereas a realistic ethics will be a study in greys. This has been notably the case during the war. The enemy was the culprit, all black; and we were the innocent, all white; and the common talk, even among educated people, about justice and righteousness and punishment was the most pathetic revelation of the bankruptcy of our ethical thought. But if Miss Calkins will go on to expound what for lack of a better name we have ventured to call her organic view of ethics, we may in good time be capable of saner and sounder moral judgments.

The Enlightened Art

The Wine of Astonishment. By Mary Hastings Bradley. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

Gregg. By Fleta Campbell Springer. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

HERE are two stories in a style which, for lack of a better word, we call sophisticated—the style of one who knows her Howells, or perhaps her Wharton even better than her Howells. "The Wine of Astonishment" is, for the rest, that not unfamiliar portent of our time, the story of romantic spirit and naturalistic detail. There is no denying the basis of fidelity to local fact and feeling upon which the action is founded. The household of young Jimmie Clarke is as recognizable as that of Mr. Tarkington's William Baxter. His mother, and his father, and his sister are like next-door neighbors. Jimmie is eighteen and "feeling his oats"; we accompany him, sympathetically but without undue emotion, upon his first excursion along the primrose path. More plainly, we go with him and certain fellow-experimenters to divers bawdy-houses in the Chicago "red light" district; from which he contrives to emerge unscathed but for a smirch upon his reputation which is to prove costly later on. Jim is inherently decent, and this first test is a mere clearing of the decks for the real action; it disgusts him with the mere female of his species, and so protects him from her during the risky college years. Towards the end of his course at Amherst he falls in love with a Smith girl, also a Chicagoan. They become pledged to each other. But the girl's mother has made an ill-fated mar-

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riage for love, and will have no public engagement. Jim goes in for the law. There is no immediate prospect of his being able to marry. Meanwhile there is a rich and irreproachable suitor at hand. The girl has the kind of feminine sweetness that cannot bear suffering. What follows is in the old tradition of romantic cross-purpose and misunderstanding. The rich man wants her and she pities him; and at the moment of her deepest pity she hears a word to Jim's disadvantage—and believes it without question. Therefore she marries the rich man and for five years remains his "wife in name only," as per contract. Jim succeeds at the law. The pair meet again. They still love each other. She learns that the word to his disadvantage has been false. She resolves upon annulment of her marriage. But the husband has only to threaten suicide in order to win her to the promise of a real marriage. Fortunately he dies of heart-failure before her promise is fulfilled. Jim's chance again,—and so on. It is easy enough to spin out further misunderstandings, which in the end are to be resolved by a chance encounter of Jim (now a *réformé* on staff duty in Paris) and Evelyn (war-working there) among the flying splinters of a bomb from the sky. There are to be no more misunderstandings: "War and its purifying passion had swept their hearts clean of little cares. He who was spending his life was contemptuous of dollars. And she who was ministering to the direst of need had no more want of luxury." What, we must wonder, may have been their reaction from this "purifying passion" during the languor and confusion, the moral and emotional cross-currents, of the days that were to follow war? The story, we say, is well "written," in the polite manner, with a naturalistic touch in matters of detail, and a highly artificial romanticity of structure. The style, as well as the biblical title, is plainly Whartonian, in kinship if not by derivation.

"Gregg" suggests the clearer, homelier, dryer style of Mr. Howells—with something of his demureness, but with less warmth and more irony. And there is a Mr. James further in the background. "If, on the day Monica West came to me in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, to ask, as she said, some spiritual fortification, she expressed exactly my own need, and diagnosed, more perfectly than I could ever have done, my own spiritual malady, I could not tell her so." This tentative, cumulative, opening sentence of the story strikes the note. We are to be in contact with no crude and low-browed stuff here; let us gird ourselves for a serious encounter with the enlightened art of fiction. We shall move in an atmosphere of slightly conscious literary breeding. Why not, now and then? Must we give everything over to the yawpers in the market-place? If there is anything here to make the plain novel-reader restive, it is a certain tendency (of which he may have been irreverent enough to find more than a tendency in James) to make a good deal of mystery out of relatively simple matters. Why must we take all this care to steal up cautiously upon and surprise the obvious? When Monica has married her soulless Gregg and begun to discover that she is nothing to him but an acquisition to be laid away in an alabaster box like his other treasures, hardly even for future reference, she rebels and is ashamed and has no wish for a confidante. But the story-teller, stepping gingerly about her subject (the pretence that it is a man talking is quite hollow) can't take this simply,—it must be suggested as an exciting possibility, and deprecated, and stepped away from with a finger on one's lip.

Of plot the book has little. It is a study of character and situation closely analogous to Miss Springer's admirable short story, "Solitaire," which appeared not long ago in *Harper's Magazine*. Corey of Dubuque, like Gregg of Duluth, is a young man who goes through life, and out of it, pretty generally misunderstood by his fellow-men and not very well understood by himself. Both stories end upon an interrogation point: after all, it is for us to take these facts, these persons, and make what we may of them. On the whole, one feels that the compression of the earlier study might have been employed to the advantage of the later; these materials, excellent for a short story, do not quite justify the bulk into which they have been wrought.

Books in Brief

MANY times within recent months has it been intimated or openly said by ill-informed persons that the leaders of the Southern Confederacy, like Germany's leaders in 1914, entered deliberately upon a course intended to provoke bloody conflict. But one of the fatalities of the Confederacy was that its most notable leaders, like a very great proportion of its people, opposed the measures out of which war was born. They were the victims, rather than the instigators, of these measures. Peculiarly true is this of Alexander H. Stephens, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson. In large degree it is true of Jefferson Davis, who has now become the subject of the second biography in the series of "Figures from American History" (Scribners; $1.50). As Mr. Armistead C. Gordon, the author of the present volume, declares, "Until he was twenty-eight years old, when he left the army, Davis had spent only eleven years of his life in the South and Southwest, and they were years of his earliest youth. His acquaintance and association with the negroes of a typical Black Belt section were only casual." Moreover, he was not at any time among the hotheads who favored extreme action, and it was not until a number of Southern Senators and Representatives issued from Washington, on December 14, 1860, an address to their constituents in behalf of secession that he took the fateful stand. Once committed to the cause, it was written in the stars that he should be its scapegoat. As a soldier and scholar who had developed administrative ability on a Mississippi plantation and capacity in public affairs as Senator and Secretary of War, he was chosen for the all but impossible task of guiding into independence a wide group of commonwealths and communities which in theory and in fact alike had an utter distrust of centralized authority. Ere long the people of the North were singing "Hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree," and the people of the South were denouncing him for their raw and unperfected organization, their muddled finances, their hopeless economic complications, and every misfortune that befell their arms on land or sea. He was a man of unquestioned ability, but not of the transcendent ability required for his task, and along with his courage and high-mindedness went a deficiency in tact which added to burdens already grievous enough. His course after the war, both during imprisonment and throughout his last years, was on the whole commendable for its dignity and moderation. Mr. Gordon has investigated painstakingly the facts of Davis's life, and has presented them fairly. Now and then the biographer overstates, as in giving the impression (pages 300-301) that Davis never interfered needlessly with his generals in the field. Once or twice he is careless, as in having Lee reply on July 21 to a letter from Davis on July 28 (page 212). Furthermore, though he presents with fidelity and care Davis's problems and handicaps, he succeeds better in telling us what the man did than in revealing the actual personality. The biography, therefore, does not rank as a great achievement; none the less it is conscientious and competent.

IN a doctoral dissertation on "The Novels of Ferdinand Fabre" (Badger; $1.25), Professor Ray P. Bowen has given us the first extended notice in English of Fabre's biography and the most serious attempt to estimate his place as a novelist. It is not likely that any one has read more exhaustively upon his immediate subject than Mr. Bowen, though it is conceivable that Fabre's place in fiction may later be fixed with more authority. Fabre has never been popular in his own country—still less in America. His novels are not fitted for the class-room, though there is at least one college where his masterpiece, "L'Abbé Tigrane," has been so used. Yet any one who is avid of ecclesiastical manners or who enjoys hearing of the French peasant should read Fabre and should read him *in extenso*. He is easily the best qualified of French novelists to speak with authority of the priest, his virtues and vices. He has done so again and

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again with power and with discrimination satisfactory to all but the prejudiced reader. "L'Abbé Tigrane," "Lucifer," "Les Courbezon"—these at least should be read by all amateurs who would penetrate the veil behind which the Catholic clergy live and move and have their being. Even Bossuet felt the fascination of the layman for "ce petit monde qui nous est fermé et qui a ses passions comme le grand. Notre malignité sera agréablement chatouillée d'apprendre qu'en renonçant au monde et à ses pompes on n'abdique pas toutes les faiblesses humaines." Fabre suggests Trollope, than whom the Frenchman is perhaps less charming but better informed. As a portrayer of French peasant life, Fabre is less notable, for here he has competitors of the first rank. His own special field is the Cévennes region of his birth, which he knew so intimately and to which his memories harked back from Paris. His peasants are so different from the cut-and-dried figures of conventional society that they seem to us as much like animals as human beings. Indeed, his characters closely resemble the goats and cattle whose lives they shared. Their passionate outbursts punctuating intervals of dogged and sullen quiescence furnish the novelist with many melodramatic scenes, which lose in impressiveness because they are so far beyond our ken. Fabre's work is uneven. When he wrote of what he knew best, he won a preëminence which has not been seriously threatened by imitators. In Tigrane he has portrayed the ambitious priest as definitely as Balzac portrayed the miser in Père Grandet, or as Le Sage the clever rascal in Gil Blas, or as Molière the hypocrite in Tartufe. Upon so much all are agreed. The rest is a matter of taste and opinion. There are revolting pages of bestial detail in his peasant novels, and tiresome tirades against the Catholic hierarchy in his ecclesiastical novels; for he had little sense of proportion and little desire to efface the animalism of man. But scattered everywhere are informative passages and vigorous scenes which haunt the memory. In addition to the three novels already mentioned, we recommend to the reader on discovery bent, "Julien Savignac," "Le Chevrier," "Mon Oncle Célestin," and "L'Abbé Roitelet." For Fabre's own interesting experiences as boy and man, one must read "Ma Vocation," "Ma Jeunesse," and "Mon Cas littéraire." Mr. Bowen's painstaking study forms the best companion in English for the reader of Fabre.

PERCY MACKAYE is a man of distinguished and varied literary ability and considerable inventive faculty, who has done many things well but has not yet succeeded in producing anything bearing the unmistakable stamp of original genius. He has large ideas and a lively and ingenious fancy, which move him to ambitious flights, but not the imaginative impetus and power necessary to sustain them. With a keen sense of the theatre and its opportunities, he has always shown more of the clever playwright than the intuitive dramatist. Both in his dialogues and his incidents there is likely to be too obvious a revelation of laborious artifice. Of the art that should disguise itself he is too often neglectful or unconscious. In dealing with great subjects, whether in prose or poetry, he has yet to learn the magic of that apt simplicity which is the surest and severest test of genius. In his prefatory remarks to his new ballad-play, as he calls it, "Washington: The Man Who Made Us" (Knopf; $1.75), Mr. MacKaye speaks of his undertaking with becoming modesty. It is not, perhaps, so strange as he seems to think that he has not been forestalled. The difficulties in the way of putting Washington's life (to say nothing of its implications, past, present, or future) into any dramatic form of reasonable dimensions are sufficiently apparent and appalling. It need not be pretended that Mr. MacKaye has surmounted them, or achieved much of definite literary, dramatic, or monumental value. He might have done much better had he attempted less and adopted a more conventional form. Actually there is nothing new in his ballad-play scheme, while the sub-division of acts into "actions" and "transitions" (really stage directions) is unnecessarily confusing to the reader. The introduction of old folk-songs is admirable in itself, and is used to good purpose, but involves much waste of time. But any technical examination of the piece, which is an episodical masque, is entirely outside the present purpose. Without being in any way extraordinary, it has, as might be expected, many meritorious features. In intent and spirit it is wholly admirable, sturdily American, broad-minded, optimistic, fervid in maintaining the principles of liberty and brotherhood for mankind. It is rich in opportunities for spectacle, is packed with familiar incidents, references, and allusions, and contrives to give glimpses of many famous personages. All this is excellent and ingenious, although inevitably fragmentary. And there are fictitious episodes also skilfully devised to give local atmosphere and color, which would be far more effective, of course, in the theatre than in the printed book. The whole, doubtless, constitutes an interesting and often moving panorama.

JOSEPHINE CALINA, the author of "Scenes of Russian Life" (London: Constable), was born in Sledlec, in Russian Poland. She left her parents' house at the age of fourteen, and with their consent went to study music in Warsaw. Here she witnessed the horrors of the insurrection of 1905 and, it would seem, herself came into collision with the authorities, since thereafter she appears to have been under constant police surveillance and to have been subject to the direct control of the Government in the matter of her place of residence and manner of life. At the direction of the police she moved to Kieff, and the first half of the present book is taken up with an artless description of her adventures among the bourgeois of that city and the peasants of the outlying districts. The types here portrayed, both bourgeois and mujik, are those that have been dished up times out of number for the edification of the long-suffering West,—the townsfolk childishly talkative and endlessly given to morbid introspection; the peasants dirty, drunken, and dishonest, but cheerful and good-natured withal. The author has no conception of the technique of story-telling, and her style bristles with all the faults that distinguish third-rate Russian writers, and from which, indeed, even the works of the greater Slavic authors are not entirely free. Ordered by the police to move from Kieff to northern Russia, Miss Calina defiantly returned to Poland, where she was forthwith thrown into a singularly noisome jail and suffered unspeakable things at the hands of an inhuman governor and his gang of brutal and venal warders. To the author's experiences in this pest-hole the second half of the book is devoted. It is lurid enough to satisfy the most avid sensationalist.

A VALUABLE modern manual for students and social workers, presenting the historical, technical, and human phases of the subject, is Dr. W. H. Slingerland's "Child-Placing in Families" (New York: Russell Sage Foundation; $2). What will prove generally surprising is the statement that the practice of placing out children for care in foster homes is as old as history, having been common among the Babylonians, the Jews, and the Athenians. A custom that was common four thousand years ago certainly has its roots in human nature and experience, and is not lightly to be done away with. It is this very fact that, in an age of hyper-institutionalism, presents the strongest argument for its continuance and study. A neglected or delinquent child placed in an institution suffers first through early circumstances and environment, and second through the imposition of artificial surroundings. Placed in a normal home, individuality has a chance to develop. Further, the plan is economical, indefinitely available, and practically universal at the present time. But the haphazard manner of placement is nearly as universal. Says the author: "Out of about 1,500 institutions and agencies in the United States which place children in family homes, not twenty-five are doing such case work as would be recognized as adequate by any well-trained worker." This being the case, the most apparent need is for study and adequate state supervision of the work. Dr. Slingerland's book forms an admirable basis for such study.

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A COLLECTION of documents that will prove invaluable to all students of constitutional development in South Africa is G. W. Eybers's "Select Constitutional Documents Illustrating South African History, 1795-1910" (Dutton; $9). The documents included in the volume, numbering 238, begin with the British conquest of the Cape of Good Hope in 1795, and end with the capitulation in German South-West Africa in 1915. They are divided into five chapters, dealing respectively with the Cape, Natal, the Orange Free State, the South African Republic, and the Union of South Africa. The assortment of material is more comprehensive than that to be found in most volumes of "Select Documents" with which we are familiar. The editor does not exaggerate when he remarks that the volume "contains nearly all the instruments necessary to follow the broad lines of the constitutional history of the four colonies that formed the Union." In his search for documents Mr. Eybers has not confined himself to those already in print, but has made extensive use of manuscript material in the Public Record Office in London, and elsewhere.

THE latest (twenty-sixth) volume of the "Publications" of the American Jewish Historical Society differs from the preceding volumes in that it accords considerable space to subjects of general Jewish history and is not limited to Jewish history in America. In his paper on "Aims and Tasks of Jewish Historiography," Professor Alexander Marx pleads in a scholarly and convincing manner for a greater emphasis on the economic factors in Jewish life and for a more systematic utilization of the available archival material. Albert Hyamson's article on "British Projects for the Restoration of Jews to Palestine" will be found particularly timely in view of the recent Balfour declaration. Of the articles devoted to American Jewish history, Leon Hühner's study of "Jews in the War of 1812" and Albert M. Friedenberg's essay on "American Jewish Journalism to the Close of the Civil War" deserve special mention. The most conspicuous contribution to the volume is Max J. Kohler's elaborate study of "Jewish Rights at the Congresses of Vienna (1814-1815) and Aix-La-Chapelle (1818)."

THE demand for one-act plays of value has led Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., to edit a volume of "Little Theatre Classics" (Little, Brown; $1.50), in which various standard dramas are condensed from the originals into tabloid form. "Polyxena" is an abbreviation of the "Hecuba" of Euripides. Miracle plays are illustrated by the Coventry Christmas pageant of the Shearmen and Tailors; Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," and "Ricardo and Viola" arranged from "The Coxcomb" of Beaumont and Fletcher, illustrate the next period. The last play, a hilarious trifle, is "The Scheming Lieutenant," made from Sheridan's "St. Patrick's Day." Each period is treated in a suggestive and helpful chapter. Amateurs will be glad to have these plays, any one of which would lend a steadying balance to a triple bill of newly written dramas. The average producer, however, will think such detailed directions as bristle through the text something of an affront to his experience and intelligence.

IN "Workhouse Characters" (Macmillan; $1.50), by Margaret Wynne Nevinson, the elemental facts of this mortal life of ours are stripped of the amenities and presented, not exactly with ruthless realism, but with the startling vividness that a literary artist knows how to achieve. Mrs. Nevinson's official connection with English charitable institutions has evidently brought her into contact with all sorts and conditions of derelict humanity, and her sense of humor, no less than her womanly sympathy, enables her to depict to the very life the various odd or otherwise striking characters she encounters. These sketches of hers, twenty-six in number, are collected from the several journals in which they originally appeared. They seem in some instances to have been instrumental in effecting reforms in the treatment of the unfortunates from whom her types are taken, and they all have a pathos that moves the reader.

Drama

The Stimulus of the Vieux Colombier

A WEEK more, and the French actors who have been giving their best work to New York for two seasons will have ended their labors here and be sailing back to a more hospitable shore. To them their American venture has been an interesting, though often trying, experience, but to this country it has been a godsend. Such fellowship must have stimulated fresh courage in our best American actors and set a new goal for beginners. Managers may well have pondered the successful affiliation of this group which produces its masterpieces without need of a "manager," and the playwright have visions of productions that have not been "tailored" to the star's measure. But the audience has perhaps profited most by this refreshing schooling. The trained audience will hereafter demand that our theatres shall turn from the chase of the dollar to join the French pursuit of dramatic vitality, simplicity, and truth. That the audience has been small in size, though not in appreciation, has been humiliating to those, if such there be, who cherish the belief that Americans are a highly cultivated people. Yet the small number is easily explained. Except in the case of grand opera, we are not accustomed to obtain artistic enjoyment through the medium of a foreign tongue. The barrier of language rises so formidably that few Americans will tolerate performances delivered in anything but "English as she is spoke." Those who boast a little French, of the inarticulate school variety, or the yellow-backed boudoir brand, or of facile tourist phrase, hesitate to expose publicly their lack of understanding. Even the scholarly reader often dodges before a rapid-fire volley of French from the stage. It is a grievous thing that at this time, when our country is establishing closer relations with the rest of the world, we are more and more limiting ourselves to the English tongue, that whatever gifts of art, music, and language are brought to us must be tossed into the hopper and be ground out a uniform product, Yankee-made. And now the best chance New York ever had to acquire spoken French has been lost for lack of appreciation. Yet had the doubters ventured into the tiny theatre on Thirty-fifth Street they would have found that the beauty of the performance, the finished pantomime, and the rich cadence of the voices were all to be enjoyed despite the untrained ear.

The Vieux Colombier has not only afforded New York a continually varied feast of inspiration and refreshment, but it has set for us a new and practicable standard by which American dramatic art may be tested. These actors are no giants to whose stature it is hopeless to aspire. They are men and women of our own build, perhaps, but with higher ideals. To these ideals they are willing to sacrifice the comforts and diversions apparently indispensable to Americans. It is idle to attribute their artistic success to the "French temperament," when it is really due to French industry. Such tireless working for perfection might accomplish miracles with even a plain American temperament.

We have long felt the need of stock companies in this country, but their possibilities have never been so clearly revealed as by the actors who with Jacques Copeau make the Vieux Colombier Theatre. Such a group is like the kaleidoscope dear to our childhood; each week's revolution throws the familiar elements into jewelled designs of never-repeating fascination, each bit perfectly fitted into the balanced whole.

M. Copeau and his associates have played to the appreciative few with as much zest as if the house were nightly sold out. For they are not commercially minded, and the box office is not their holy of holies. They are artists of the old-world type—poor, hard-working, fired with enthusiasm, above all intelligent. The sleek star, the shapely beauty, the overfed actor and the society charmer are not of their world. Neither are they the factory-made product of the theatrical schools. From different

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walks in life they have come to work together, and under the inspiration of Jacques Copeau they have evolved the Vieux Colombier. Some of them were specially gifted by nature but others owe their success to trained intelligence, a cultivated imagination, and a fine artistic feeling. Suzanne Bing, for instance, has no physical seductiveness, yet her inspired Mélisande is exquisitely appealing. The physical side is far less emphasized than in most American productions. Some spectators, indeed, complain that the whole company is "too thin," and deplore the lack of opulent and misplaced curves when man's attire is borrowed. Even such malcontents, however, must have been satisfied with Valentine Tessier in "La Veine"; and in "Twelfth Night" with the superb carriage of Robert Bogaert and the symmetrical beauty of that prince of clowns, Lucien Weber.

All summer the actors live and work together, spending certain hours daily in rehearsal; the rest of their time goes to physical exercise, music, rhythmic dancing, singing, voice training, the reciting of poetry and the giving of impromptu performances. Thus while the répertoire widens, the fellowship of the actors deepens and the coöperative power of the group is intensified. Outdoor life sets the stamp of truth on their work; theatricalisms which spring to life behind footlights wither in the sunshine. Here is no coaching for a performance but the growth of a vital thing. The conception of the play is rounded by every finished means of expression, face, voice, diction, posture, movement, gesture, grouping. The actors, be it remembered, are not working for place or personal honors; the tragic heroine of one play in the next may be a peasant in the mob.

The product of such a summer's intensive cultivation is a rich harvest in the fall. By such means the actors are enabled to produce a new play every week and yet to start each Monday with a perfectly finished performance. The labors and fatigues of the American actor on tour are not at all comparable with the hard work of the French actor, as for the most part the American is neither creating nor coöperating, but is, according to contract, taking his part in the machine which is timed to run three hundred consecutive performances of the same play. We should not blame our own actors if this treadmill deprives them of the creative joy, the abundant and expressive life, the delicacy of perception, the sparkle and pervasive gayety of the French.

In recalling the French répertoire for the season, one feels decidedly that the seventeenth century is the unchallenged inheritance of the Vieux Colombier. Molière has probably never been given with more precision, vitality, and spontaneous gayety. "La Coupe Enchantée," by La Fontaine, was a conspicuous delight among the early plays, and the merriest of all was "Twelfth Night," which for sheer beauty, sparkle, and bubbling joy it would be hard to equal.

Among the modern plays were some which were included as a concession to American taste. In token of Franco-American friendship M. Copeau graciously gave a translation of certain passages (one can hardly say scenes) of Percy MacKaye's "Washington," in which he himself appeared in striking resemblance to the Father of our Country, and Jean Sarment was an ideal Lafayette. But even their art could not atone for so clumsy an effusion. One or two plays which smacked of the Parisian boulevards filled the orchestra seats—but emptied the balcony. The outstanding tragedies were Rosmersholm, balefully true; Pelléas and Mélisande, which was a revelation in its scenic beauty, rhythm, and atmosphere; and M. Copeau's own dramatization, the terrific "Les Frères Karamazov."

One hesitates to emphasize the work of individual actors when they themselves are so intent on the perfection of the whole group, but it is good to remember Jacques Copeau as the gay Figaro, as well as the moody Ivan Karamazov, the naïve Fritz (in Erckmann-Chatrian's play) as well as Malvolio and the incomparable Proviseur Kroll in Rosmersholm. There were three wonderful old men in "Blanchette," père Rousset, played by M. Dullin, Morillon by Romain Bouquet, and the pathetic old road-mender by Louis Jouvet. M. Dullin was extraordinarily fine in Gringoire and as the blind poet in Clemenceau's "La Voile du Bonheur," but his strongest part is undoubtedly the fiendish Smerdiakov in the Karamazov play. M. Jouvet was interesting as Ulrik Brendel, touching as Crainquebille, amusing as Sganarelle of the facetious legs, and absolutely irresistible as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. The Shakespearean honors he shared with Romain Bouquet, as Toby Belch, and Lucien Weber, lovable and melodious as always; Marcel Millet as Fabian and Jane Lory as Maria. Jean Sarment was poetic as Pelléas and captivatingly naïve as Lélie in "La Coupe Enchantée." Suzanne Bing seems to be a flame of inspiration to the group, and one comes to look for her, in however humble a capacity, in almost every performance, but perhaps no creation of hers is more delicate than Si-Tchun in "La Voile du Bonheur." Certain figures glow in the memory, as one recalls delicious tones in a stained glass window, yet the whole picture is the treasure for which we shall long be grateful to the all-too brief American sojourn of Le Vieux Colombier.

M. M.

Finance

The Government and the Railroads

THE statement made recently by Sir Eric Geddes in the House of Commons, that the English railroads, after four years of government control, were in "a semi-paralyzed financial condition" and that the Government was actually losing $1,250,000 a day in operating them has excited a great deal of attention in financial circles here. This was because the statement appeared in the cable dispatches almost at the time that the American Railroad Administration announced a general retrenchment policy in the effort to cut down high operating charges. It was estimated that the deficit in the railroad operating income during January and February as contrasted with the Government's rental obligations would amount to $100,000,000. It is believed that a saving in operating expenses of ten per cent. could be effected by cutting out all over-time and otherwise readjusting labor conditions.

According to report there are about 250,000 cars idle on the country's railroads, so that there would seem to be little call for the heavily increased operating charges which usually accompany rush work. Before the railroads were taken over by the Government, a switchman was paid about $66 a month for a ten or twelve-hour day. As soon as the eight-hour law became effective, however, two switchmen working in equal shifts during twenty-four hours received, with overtime, $266 for a month's work. By putting on an additional man and making three eight-hour shifts, the proposed schedule would make the pay run up to $255 a month, which would mean a saving of about $11. In other branches of the service a similar readjustment of working conditions may result even in a larger saving.

There is abundant basis for this proposal by Walker D. Hines, the Director-General of Railroads, but the question is, what will labor unions say about it? It has frequently been charged in the past that the unions do not care so much for an eight-hour day, as they do for the allowance for over-time which the eight-hour day made possible. For these reasons the move by the Railroad Administration will be the first real test of the labor situation since the cessation of war work forced the carriers to abandon many of their improvement projects. Should Mr. Hines be able to carry his point and put three men at work to render the service which two men, working over-time, are now able to provide, the new order of things will provide positions for several thousand men who are now unemployed. In this way, it would be of distinct service to the country at a time when it is highly important to provide employment for as many workers as can be taken care of. The labor unions, however, have not been inclined to put three men at work for a

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total wage allowance slightly below what two men earned laboring over-time and doing the same amount of work.

The fact is that the railroads of the United States and of Great Britain have been forced to bear largely increased operating charges in consequence of the war and the extraordinary complications in the labor market which the great conflict brought about. Including the rental or interest on the investment, the total cost of producing transportation in Great Britain is now estimated at $1,220,000,000 a year as compared with $680,000,000 before the war. This represents an increase of about 80 per cent. and suggests the largely expanded payrolls and other increased charges that the war has brought about. There has been no increase in freight rates in England to meet the heavy addition to operating charges and except for the 50 per cent. advance in passenger fares which has added about $100,000,000 a year to revenues, the railroads have had nothing to compensate them for the enormously increased expenses. The large addition to passenger fares was adopted for the purpose of forcing the public to reduce travel and so release facilities for military service and the more important demands incident to a successful carrying on of the war project.

Judging from the experience of Great Britain and the United States, it is apparent that the Government operation of the railroads is not successful from an economic standpoint and invariably leads to heavily increased operating charges. It is true, however, that a war period imposes exceptional burdens upon the roads and makes it difficult for the Government to show what it might do for the travelling and shipping public under normal conditions. There is to-day relatively little sentiment in favor of Government ownership of the railroads.

WILLIAM JUSTUS BOIES.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Whittemore, Thomas (translated from the Russian by). Ivan Speaks. Houghton, Mifflin. 75 cents.

Yeats, John B. Essays Irish and American. Macmillan. $1.50.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Fletcher, John G. The Tree of Life. Macmillan. $1.60.

Lawrence, D. H. Look! We Have Come Through! Huebsch. $1.50.

McLane, James L., Jr. Driftwood. Boston: Four Seas. $1.25.

Mosher, Martha B. Aimost. Lyric Publishing Company.

Stokes, Will. Songs of the Services. Stokes. $1.50.

Tolstoi, Leo N. The Living Corpse. New York: Nicholas L. Brown. $1.

JUVENILE

Quennell, Marjorie and C. H. B. A History of Everyday Things in England. Scribner. $4.

Walker, Alice J. LaFayette, Christopher Columbus, The Long Knives in Illinois. Holt. $1.35.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Cerf, Barry. Alsace-Lorraine Since 1870. Macmillan. $1.50.

Hobson, J. A. Richard Cobden: The International Man. Holt. $5.

Morgan, James. Theodore Roosevelt: The Boy and the Man. Macmillan. $1.50.

Raymond, E. T. Uncensored Celebrities. Holt. $2.50.

Rosenberg, Henry, 1824-1893: A Memorial Volume. Galveston: Rosenberg Library.

FICTION

Allen, James L. The Emblems of Fidelity. Doubleday, Page. $1.25.

Dillon, Mary. The American. Century Company. $1.50.

Hanshew, Thomas W. and Mary E. The Riddle of the Purple Emperor. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.

Harris, Corra and Leech, Faith H. From Sunup to Sundown. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.

Kelley, Eleanor M. Why Joan? Century Company. $1.50.

Kerr, Sophie. The See-Saw. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.

Lane, Rose W. Diverging Roads. Century Company. $1.50.

Reynolds, Katharine. Green Valley. Little, Brown. $1.50.

Wells, Carolyn. The Diamond Pin. Lippincott. $1.35.

THE WAR.

Anonymous. An American Poilu. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35.

Benson, E. F. The White Eagle of Poland. Doran. $1.50.

Duhamel, Georges. Civilization. Century Company. $1.50.

Gibbons, Helen D. A Little Gray Home in France. Century

Howard, Keble. The Zeebrugge Affair. Doran. 25 cts. Company. $1.50.

Jenks, Chester W. Our First Ten Thousand. Boston: Four Seas. $1.

Meriwether, Lee. The War Diary of a Diplomat. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Shortt, Adam, Rowe, L. S. Early Effects of the European War upon Canada and Chile. Oxford University Press. $1.

Thayer, William R. Volleys from a Non-Combatant. Doubleday, Page. $2.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Barker, Ernest. Greek Political Theory. Macmillan. $4.25.

Hetherington, H. W., and Muirhead, J. H. Social Purpose. Macmillan. $1.50.

Inge, William R. The Philosophy of Plotinus. Longmans. $9.

Joseph, Isya. Devil Worship. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $2.50.

Lay, Wilfrid. The Child's Unconscious Mind. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Leaf, Horace. What is this Spiritualism? Doran. $1.50.

Mabie, Hamilton W. Essays in Lent. Dutton.

McConnell, Francis J. Democratic Christianity. Macmillan. 60 cents.

Nouveau Testament et le Livre des Psaumes, Version Synodale. Paris: Société Biblique de France.

Whiting, Lilian. They who Understand. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.

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